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SOME GREAT LIVES
OF
MODERN INDIA

E. LUCIA TURNBULL



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OF
MODERN INDIA

BY
E. LUCIA TURNBULL

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PREFACE

SHAKESPEARE tells us that some men are born great; meaning, in that particular passage, born to high position. His statement would also apply to men born with great natural gifts, amounting to what we call genius: thus as everybody knows, 'the poet is born, and not made'. But it does not follow that the lives of all Maharajahs and all poets are great lives.

Let us try to discover then, why the seven lives whose story is told in this book are called great lives, and what common factor unites men so strangely different in character, circumstance, aims and achievements. Let us imagine these seven men meeting together in the flesh; would the valiant Salar Jung find some common ground on which to meet the genius Ramanujan? Would the valiant Pratap Singh find words with which to appraise the Saintly Maharshi? At first sight it would seem to be difficult. Yet, if we reflect a little, we shall find that on this very ground of valiance (or courage), the problem begins to resolve itself. For to all these men we may, without hesitation, attribute high courage in the pursuit of whatever task each had set out to accomplish. Courage in the field or the council hall, the study or the counting-house—there can be no greatness in any of these diverse spheres of action or thought unless the beacon-light of courage points the way.

But courage in prosecuting a task is not enough; the task itself must have some greatness; it must

not be some ordinary piece of daily work to be got through somehow, but a life-long quest to be followed without any thought of self-seeking. If we look again at these seven men, we shall find that here too they stand on common ground. Consider Sir Pratap Singh, with his simple ideal of loyalty to the Emperor to whom he had given his word; Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoy, devoting his vast wealth to schemes of universal charity; Maharshi Tagore and Ramanujan, pilgrims in the quest for Highest Truth; Bhandarkar, the prince of scholars; Mahatma Gandhi striving by life-long example and precept to make Indians true Indians,—great men all, because the task they had set before them was great.

Furthermore, in studying the life of a great man, we shall notice that the consecration of his life to one clearly-defined end has the effect of extinguishing in its single pure flame all baser ambitions and desires, thus giving to his character a singleness and simplicity which marks him out from ordinary men. A great life, then, involves something much more than being born to high position or born with high gifts; it demands courage and a single-minded devotion to a life-long ideal. Whence it follows that the life of a great man must be essentially a solitary life. Solitude in a physical sense he may not at all times be able to command; but solitude of the inner self he may—nay, he must command, if he is to leave any impress on his age or country. From this hidden armoury he equips himself for his life's task. The need for solitude is as vital to the man of action as to the saint or the student. It is no mere coincidence that the two great opposing figures in the American Civil War, President Lincoln and General Lee, were each shrouded in a cloak of loneli-

PREFACE

ness; nor is it mere fancy if behind the figure of Gandhi in the *mahal* or *mandap* we perceive the figure of Gandhi in his *ashram*. It is this strength to stand alone that separates the statesman from the politician, the scholar from the pedant, the great commander from the mere fighter, the merchant prince from the pedlar.

Now what (it may be asked) has all this high talk to do with a book that looks like an ordinary English reading book? The answer is this : a book is like a house; it is built of words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs, just as a house is built of bricks and mortar; the words and sentences may be good, the bricks and mortar may be good, but without a design they cannot be made into a book or a house. The design of this book is to show Indian students how some of their countrymen, without much help from outside circumstances, lived great lives, and so helped to make India great.

NOTE

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CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	SIR JAMSETJI JEEJIBHOY	1
II.	SIR SALAR JUNG . . .	16
III.	MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE .	37
IV.	SIR PRATAP SINGH	58
V.	SIR RAMKRISHNA BHANDARKAR ...	86
VI.	SRINIVASA RAMANUJAN ...	109
VII.	MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI .	126

SIR JAMSETJI JEEJIBHOY

THERE may be those who, plodding along the dusty highway, and having to stand aside or walk in the gutter to allow some fine carriage to pass, say to themselves, as they catch a glimpse of the occupant, 'There goes a lucky fellow; he rides while I walk. I expect he has everything he wants—a handsome house, fine clothes to wear, dainty food to eat and nothing to worry about.' And perhaps when the merchant prince, the first Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoi, took his evening drive in Bombay or Poona, sitting in a carriage drawn by two splendid horses, his liveried servants ready to spring to the ground to assist him to alight when he wanted to walk, or watching the moment to salaam him back again when he desired to ride, there were many who envied him as one who had always had the good things of life.

But the old man, so ready with his smile and his greeting, his whole aspect one of genial well-being and prosperity, had once upon a time been quite a poor boy, who by dint of intelligence, courage and unceasing industry had managed to win himself a great fortune. Those who are familiar with Bombay and its buildings, the J. J. School of Art, the Hospital, and the Mahim Causeway which connects Bombay with Salsette, can guess how much of that fortune was spent; while in Poona, Khandala and Baroda there are further evidences of the munificence of this Parsi philanthropist.

Jamsetji Jeejibhoi was the son of poor but worthy

parents, and was born at Navsari in Baroda on the 15th of July, 1783. While he was still little more than a boy, his father and mother both died, and he went to Bombay, there to live in the house of his father-in-law, who at the conclusion of his apprenticeship took him into his business, which was that of a merchant.

The young Jamsetji, though only sixteen, realized that large profits in trade could be made if dealings with foreign countries could be undertaken by his firm; and so with his total wealth, amounting to about one hundred and twenty rupees, he set sail for China in the company of a relative, also a merchant. After a brief stay there, during which he used his eyes and ears to their fullest capacity, he returned to Bombay, but the excitement of foreign travel had gripped him. Again he set out, on his own account, this time, borrowing thirty-five thousand rupees to speculate with, something of a risk for a very young man, but one which fully justified its undertaking.

Having made three voyages to China with success, he embarked upon a fourth, little dreaming of what was in store for him. The great Napoleonic War was now at its height, and though the French fleet had been annihilated at Trafalgar; many single ships and privateers managed to sail from French ports and from colonial harbours, such as Mauritius, to harass British commerce, and capture what vessels they could. As the French had control also of Java and Sumatra, they were well-placed for an attack upon vessels sailing to and from India. And so it came about that the *Brunswick*, on which Jamsetji Jeejiboy had sailed on his fourth voyage to China, was captured off the coast of Ceylon.



(By permission of the present Baronet)

SIR JAMSETJI JEEJEEHROY

For the young Parsi it was an exciting, if unpleasant experience, and in a letter written while a captive on board the *Brunswick* he gives a vivid description of the misfortunes, privations, and indignities which he and his companions—four Englishmen and a Mahomedan—endured; they read like a chapter out of the *Arabian Nights*, and remind us of the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor.

When the *Brunswick* was captured, the passengers asked to be put ashore at Ceylon, but this request was refused by the French Captain, who said that he had strict orders to land no one. He, however, held out a faint hope that he might release them at Mauritius, and with this small concession they had to be content.

The weather was cold, and Jamsetji says that he suffered greatly from it and other discomforts, but the worst aggravation of their unfortunate condition was the advent of a Lascar crew who came on board the *Brunswick* to replace the officers and men who had manned the vessel before she was captured. Representations were made to the French Captain that the prisoners were hatching a plot to murder him, and although they were innocent of any idea to harm him, and indeed were hardly in a position to do so had they wished to, he had them placed under arrest and threatened even worse treatment. Fortunately one of the Englishmen could speak French and he managed to convince the Captain that no designs were intended against his life, suggesting that their luggage could be searched for any dangerous weapon. Finding his prisoners innocent of any evil intent, he set them at large, and after a miserable voyage, during which any hope of being released ebbed away, the *Brunswick* ran

ashore in Table Bay River at the Cape of Good Hope.

Again a request was made to the Captain for permission to land, but with no better success than at Ceylon. However the next day the Admiral came on board, and the prisoners entreated him to set them free or at least to give orders that their goods, which had been confiscated, should be returned to them. The Admiral informed them that they could have all their personal belongings back, but that their merchandise would be retained. The Captain then ordered them to bring up their things, which were searched, and Jamsetji had to deliver up two lengths of muslin, some bags of rice and a case of liquor, which he did mournfully enough, for it represented all his precious stock-in-trade. In vain he besought the Captain to be allowed to keep one bag of rice: he only met with a curt refusal and an order to take only a little trunk containing his clothes. With this he had to be content, and after seeing his muslin and his rice borne away before his wistful eyes, was put ashore with the rest of the unlucky passengers who had set out, no doubt with high hopes, on the *Brunswick*.

On landing they were met by Captain Grant, who had been in command of the ship when she was taken. Overjoyed to see him once more, they poured out their woes into his sympathetic ear, and he gave them such comfort and consolation as he could. At any rate, in spite of their sorry plight they were very glad to be rid of the French, and though they were almost stranded at a port far away from home, had lost nearly all their possessions, and had no immediate prospect of either continuing their journey or returning to the place from which

they had come, they rejoiced to think that they had escaped from the *Brunswick*.

Conditions on shore were far from good. Provisions were scarce and very dear; a bag of rice was unobtainable, only half a pound a day being allowed for each man. Learning that a Danish ship was about to sail for Bengal, Jamsetji begged Captain Grant to ask the skipper to give him a berth. But the Danish Captain, seeing the plight of the young Parsi and his eagerness to get back to India, ran up his price to Rs. 800 for the voyage. Captain Grant, indignant at such gross profiteering at the expense of an unlucky traveller, held out for a passage at Rs. 400, which he contended was a fair price. The Dane would not abate one anna, stating that Rs. 800 was the price fixed by the owners, and if Jamsetji did not want to pay it, then the ship would sail without him. As there was no other vessel going to Bengal that year, Captain Grant advised Jamsetji and his companions in distress to close with the offer and eventually Jamsetji had to agree to give a bill of exchange on himself payable at Calcutta. On September the 21st they sailed away from False Bay with one hundred pounds of rice and half a bag smuggled in by Jamsetji. It was as well they had this provision and it speaks well for the organizing powers of the young Parsi, for rice was more precious than gold owing to its scarcity. Without this private store they would have run a grave danger of actual starvation, for the Danish Captain seemed to consider that having got their security for the passage money he was under no obligation to feed them. A biscuit in the morning, just one each, with a mouthful of boiled rice in the evening was all the food he provided them. Their berths would have

disgraced a country craft, and one pot of water was made to suffice for nine men, both for drinking and cooking. Any hope of obtaining any water for washing died the first day of the voyage.

In looking back upon that terrible passage, Jamsetji remarked that words failed to express what he endured. However, it came to an end at last, for on December 5th the much tried voyagers landed at Calcutta, and after a brief stay there to recuperate from his hardships, Jamsetji returned to Bombay.

It speaks well for his pluck and courage that he undertook yet another voyage to China, this time without unpleasant adventures. Upon his return in 1807 he settled finally in Bombay, being then only about twenty-four years old, but wise in experience. In a short time he was able to establish a large firm, the business of which grew so rapidly that in ten years Jamsetji Jeejibhoj found himself a rich man. He might then have said to himself, 'I have now heaps of money. I am only thirty-four years old. It is time however that I enjoyed myself. I will travel to foreign countries, see new sights, hear new sounds, buy myself the treasures of the world, in short reward myself for my incessant work and self-denial.'

No one could have blamed him if he had embarked upon a life of leisured luxury, but it would have brought him no lasting happiness, or at any rate nothing like the glow of satisfaction which he obtained as the reward of virtue and unselfishness.

What he really did was to take a walk round Bombay. There he saw on the one hand rich citizens bowling along in fine carriages, and big ships coming and going, laden with valuable cargoes, many of them carrying the merchandise of his own prosperous firm; on the other hand he saw

that the streets were crowded with the sick, the sad and the needy. He had known what it was to be poor. He was now wealthy, with a mind to use his wealth for the good of suffering humanity. He did not want to pile it up in useless heaps, but to spend it, and spend it on good and useful objects.

In Bombay he had become rich, and he wanted to do something to benefit and embellish the city of his adoption. And so, because the sick have the first claim on our sympathies, he gave Bombay a splendid hospital; and then, since to create beautiful things is one of the highest forms of education, he endowed the J. J. School of Art, where Indian Art students and others might receive training at fees within the reach of all who wished to study Art. The school has produced some accomplished Indian painters and sculptors, and has well fulfilled the hopes of its founder.

These two monuments of his benevolence by no means exhausted it. The more he gave, the more was given to him. Everything he touched turned to gold. It was as if Fortune had selected him as the recipient of her bounty so that he might distribute it with wise liberality. In reality he amassed his great wealth by intelligence and industry. At times it seemed as if his talent for commerce amounted almost to genius. He foresaw trade developments, and appraised merchandise with the same masterly skill as a great commander plans and carries out a campaign, or an artist conceives and brings into being a work of art. He had a gift, and he trained and exercised it, using its rewards in the service of his fellow-men.

He was always wondering and planning what he could do to make things better or people happier. If

roads were narrow he widened them, if wells were shallow he deepened them; there was no river wide enough to prevent him bridging it so that those upon either bank might cross. Before the Mahim Causeway connected Bombay with Salsette, great calamities occurred involving grave loss of life. In 1841, when the monsoon was at its height fifteen to twenty boats capsized and many people were drowned. The actual cost of the Causeway was borne by the wife of the Parsi philanthropist, but it was a symbol of his influence. She, living with him, could not fail to be infected by his charitable enthusiasm.

One of the most charming features of his munificence was the broad-minded way in which it embraced all needs. He gave with equal liberality to charities for the benefit of every caste and creed and did not confine his gifts to India. In 1842 Queen Victoria conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, he being the first native of India to receive this distinction. The Parsi community, delighted at this recognition of his worth, presented him with an address of congratulation, and Sir George Anderson, the Governor of Bombay, as he decorated him with the patent of knighthood, said: 'You, by your deeds of princely munificence to alleviate the pains of suffering humanity, have attained this honour, and have become enrolled amongst the illustrious of the land.'

The following year Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoj received from the hands of Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, a medal from the British Government which bore the inscription:—

'Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoj, knight, from the British Government, in honour of his munificence and his patriotism.'

On this occasion the Governor was moved to say, 'I learned, after very careful inquiries, that the sums you have publicly given, which were mostly expended in useful works for the general benefit of the country, amounted to the amazing sum of upwards of Rs. 9,00,000, or more than £60,000 sterling. Well, indeed might Her Majesty's Government designate such liberality as acts of munificence and deeds of patriotism.'

There is a story of a rich man who, upon being held up by highwaymen with a challenge of 'Your money or your life,' cried out in terror as he clutched his bags of gold, 'You can have my life, but leave me my money.' Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoy might have said in similar circumstances 'You can have my money, but leave me my life in which to earn some more because I have still so much to do.' And he had, for although there were already so many evidences of his widespread charity, he was for ever finding a new outlet for his generosity. It is written of him that 'When the bones of thousands of heroic men—Europeans and Sepoys—were whitening in the snows of Kabul, when famine decimated the highlands of Scotland, when a mysterious dispensation of Providence deprived the poor Irishmen of their daily food, when the widows and the orphans of the brave men, who died for the right at Alma and Inkerman, stretched forth their hands for aid, none evinced a more generous sympathy, none showed more alacrity in giving bread to the hungry and binding up the wounds of the broken-hearted, than the benevolent Parsi knight.'

There are many people who are ready and willing to give to any charitable object the scope of which they can understand because it is near at hand.

There are others who, fired by a description of the suffering or need of the dwellers in a far-off land, and intent upon the relief of the thousands abroad miss the needs of the millions at home. There is an English proverb which says, 'If everyone swept their own doorstep the village would be clean.' Sir Jamsetji had this proverb well at heart, for he first swept his own doorstep by giving when and where he could in his own country, and then he bustled away, full of energy and loving kindness, to see what he could do in the land of the stranger.

In 1856 when France was suffering under unprecedented inundations, the effect of floods consequent on heavy rains, Sir Jamsetji was among the first to forward his donation of £500 for the relief of the sufferers. The Prefect of the Seine when writing to acknowledge this kindness said, 'Such generous proofs of sympathy call forth the entire gratitude of the French nation. . . . ' It certainly must have been very heartening to the organizers of the relief fund to find that someone in far-off India realized and desired to alleviate the distress into which a large body of French people were plunged. Nothing draws people together so well as an expressed sympathy. Angry feelings, jealousy, even sorrow itself melts before the genial glow of a generous action. One may claim that Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoj did as much to encourage the entente between France and the British Empire by his ready help to the former country in a moment of disaster as years of patient legislation or skilful diplomacy. Years before, he had suffered much when the Brunswick was captured by the French privateer, and his scanty stock of merchandise had been taken from him but he remembered it by sending aid to

France in her need and provided an example to illustrate the maxim of 'returning good for evil,' though no doubt the wise old man thought to himself, 'I was only the victim of war. The French Captain had to obey his orders. He was led to believe I had designs upon his life. When he found out that I was innocent of any ill intent he treated me as well as he knew how.'

One may be sure that Sir Jamsetji put the most kindly construction upon the actions of everybody. He was made like that, warm-hearted, forgiving and unsuspicious. These were the qualities of his greatness.

One cannot leave him without some references to his wife, who in her feminine way was his counterpart in generosity. When the cost of the Mahim Causeway was computed at Rs. 67,000 she willingly offered to defray the whole cost out of her private means, and the project became of such deep and absorbing interest to her that when it was found that the original sum would nothing like complete the work, she said, 'Tell me what more is wanted.' Learning that a large amount was required immediately, she increased her gift to a lakh of rupees. She then hoped that the Causeway might be finished without further delay; but the scheme simply devoured money, and she gave an additional sum of Rs. 10,000, eventually adding to this others of Rs. 10,000, Rs. 6,000 and Rs. 4,000, bringing up the total amount of her contribution to Rs. 1,30,000, surely the largest amount ever provided by any woman out of her private purse, for any single object. But Lady Jamsetji could not bear to think that without a Causeway, boats would continue to capsize and hapless passengers be drowned. When

the surge of the monsoon beat upon the shore, and the wind shook the very walls of the great houses in Bombay, she would think of the perilous passage, the cackle shells of boats, the passengers huddled together, and the gallant boatmen pulling for dear life against the great waves, driven in by the winds of the South-West monsoon.

So there the Causeway stands complete, with its handsome approach, solid embankment and inexhaustible convenience to rich and poor alike, a practical memorial to a woman's compassion. Like her husband, Lady Jamsetji always looked upon her wealth as a means of helping those less fortunate than herself and often urged the claim that the poorer members of the community had upon those of its number who were wealthy. She too, began with her 'own doorstep' and what a big broom she used, and what a big step was hers if we consider the Mahim Causeway, which eventually cost her Rs. 1,57,000 to complete. If everyone who walked upon it dedicated to her a moment of gratitude there would be thousands of hours of thanks offered up to her memory: but she would have been amply repaid for all she did by the knowledge that travelers from Bombay to Safsette might make the journey without fear.

Long years have elapsed since this gracious generous pair passed away, rich in honours and the love and thanks of countless people of all castes, creeds and countries that they had benefited. In 1858 Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoj was raised to a Baronetage, by which the ennoblement of his family was ensured through his heirs male for ever and ever. But rank and wealth were not their only or even their chief heritage. Those of his name who came after

him had inherited his boundless charity, that desire to share what he had of riches with those that had less or none, that wish to improve and beautify not only buildings but the minds of men by giving them the means to study and places to study in. At Poona the Deccan College bears on its foundation-stone the name of Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoy, who, when the scheme of building the College was put forward, at once offered to bear half the cost if Government would do the rest. The Deccan College is associated with some great names, numbering amongst its Principals, distinguished men of letters such as Sir Edwin Arnold, Dr. Wordsworth and Mr. F. W. Bain, while Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, one of India's greatest scholars, was wont to say that he owed much to its influence.

So far-reaching are the effects of wise generosity, that when generations have passed away, the good that Sir Jamsetji Jeejibhoy achieved by the distribution of his self-won wealth will increase rather than diminish, for he aimed at providing solid and lasting advantages for humanity. Hospitals, colleges, schools, roads and the like are the materials of progress, without which mankind would suffer and stagnate.

In 1856, a public meeting was held in Bombay, to vote a statue to this prince of merchants and most charitable of men. The statue when completed was placed in the Town Hall of Bombay and stands as a perpetual reminder to that great city of the benefits she owes to the distinguished family of Jeejibhoy.

At Navsari where he was born, there are other memorials of a charitable and lasting nature which may conjure up a vision of a poor boy who left his

birthplace to seek a fortune, and who gaining one was not rendered greedy or proud, but with a beautiful gratitude and humility sought to share his possessions with those who had not been so fortunate.

In 1859 he died at the age of seventy-six, full of years and honours, a noble example to his generation and his race.

SIR SALAR JUNG

THERE is a Western proverb which runs, 'A good master makes a good servant.' If the saying were reversed thus, 'A good servant makes a good master,' one might apply it to Sir Salar Jung who, from 1853 to 1883, in his capacity as Prime Minister to the Nizam of Hyderabad, contrived by his wisdom, fidelity, and tact to guide the affairs of a troubled and almost bankrupt State into one which at the present time is the most important and the richest in India.

Sir Salar Jung was born at Hyderabad in 1829. He was a member of an old and noble family which originally belonged to Arabia, but emigrated to India and settled at Hyderabad. Some of his ancestors were in the service of the Sultan of Bijapur, and a gallant officer of his name cut through the Emperor Akbar's forces to the relief of the heroic Chand Bibi during her defence of Ahmednagar.

His great grandfather Mir Alam was the Nizam's Prime Minister at the time of the war with Tippu Sultan; his grandfather was joint Minister with the celebrated Chandu Lal, while his uncle succeeded Chandu Lal, when the latter resigned office.

Salar Jung therefore had a family claim upon the office, and had grown up in an atmosphere of ministerial affairs, although his early education and training can scarcely be described as having been such as to fit him for the high position he eventually held.



Photo.

Calastry Sons, Secunderabad

SIR SALAR JUNG

Indeed, he had no regular education at all for the first twelve or thirteen years of his life, except a little desultory teaching under the superintendence of his grandmother. The family fortunes were financially involved, for Salar Jung's grandfather had got into debt to the extent of nearly twenty-five lakhs of rupees, and although the reigning Prince of the time paid off these debts, he took the family jagirs by way of security.

Although Salar Jung's grandfather seems to have been improvident in regard to money matters, he was much beloved by his family and was a man of tender and sympathetic disposition. It is told of him that, like the Emperor Bahur, who gave his life for his son Humayun, the old Minister of Hyderabad made the same sacrifice for his little grandson, whom he loved tenderly. For Salar Jung was a very delicate child, and when four years old almost died from a severe attack of typhoid fever. It was then that his grandfather performed the ceremony which is known amongst Mussalmans as *Tasad duk*, that is, he prayed that any evil which was about to befall the boy, might be transferred to himself. The child recovered, but very soon afterwards his grandfather died. As Salar Jung had no father, he was put under the guardianship of his uncle, who had succeeded to the post of Prime Minister to the Nizam. Having no children of his own, this uncle bestowed all his affection on the fatherless boy, and his education in some sort of a way began. He was taught a little Persian and some Arabic as well as to write elegantly, to fence, and to ride. All the nobles of the Nizam's court were expert horsemen, and the pastime became an absolute passion with Salar Jung. He was ready to ride anything at any time.

His most spirited and unusual mount was a captive giraffe, which he would bestride to the amazement and alarm of his attendants. He was quite fearless, and so reckless that many a time he only escaped death by a narrow margin.

To the smattering of Persian and Arabic which he acquired, he added of his own free will a rudimentary knowledge of English, which later he developed with practice and experience until he could use it with the same fluency as his own mother-tongue.

But the financial genius of the family (unfortunate though his grandfather had been in his own affairs) was working within the boy, and seeing his early aptitude for business, his wise old grandmother handed over to him the accounts of a small jagir which had been restored to the family by the Nizam. This small trust Salar Jung managed so admirably that at the age of nineteen, his uncle, then Minister to the Nizam, appointed him Talukdar of some districts which had previously been under the management of an Englishman. This was splendid experience for him, since the Deputy who worked under Salar Jung was a man of ripe experience, and able to guide him through the early and difficult stages of his new appointment. Salar Jung settled down to administrative work, with the same easy facility as he had ridden the giraffe. There was about him an enterprising and mettlesome courage, which, allied to a cool and practical brain, made up, even at an early age, a very unusual personality. And he was to need all these qualities shortly. In 1848 the confiscated estates and jagirs were restored by His Highness Nasiru-d-Daula to Nawab Seraj-ul-Mulk as head of the family. Salar Jung was at once

placed in charge of them, and when the Nawab died five years later he inherited everything.

The Nawab, a very shrewd man of business, soon saw that his nephew had an unusual talent for finance, while Salar Jung although personally attached to his uncle, who had taken the place of a parent, disliked his methods of administration. To him they seemed illegal and unsafe, and not worthy of an important State. Under them the Government was nearly bankrupt, existing on credit to wealthy Arabs and Pathans, who in return for loans were assigned districts as a security for repayment.

In 1853 the Nawab died, and Salar Jung was immediately created Minister. He was not particularly elated that such an honour should fall to him at the early age of twenty-four. He knew the confusion in which the State was involved, and in writing to a friend said: 'I should have been quite content to remain in unmolested possession of my uncle's jagirs, were it possible, without the cares which such an office would impose upon me, especially in the present critical state of affairs here, but I was advised by my friends, that if I declined the office, myself and family would be utterly ruined'; and he concludes: 'I shall, nevertheless do my best, with God's help, to restore some order in the affairs of this country, and endeavour to extricate the Government from its embarrassments.'

And this he did. The condition of affairs in Hyderabad when he became Minister was deplorable. The administration of the revenue was nothing more than a farce. The Treasury was empty, and the Jagirdars who had owned the districts of Berar, the Raichur Doab, and Maldrug had been called upon to surrender them to the East India Company, and

had preferred claims of compensation against the State. The Nizam's own jewels were mortgaged, and the State debt amounted to about three crores of rupees. Salar Jung had a situation to handle which presented far more difficulties than can be imagined by anyone not in full possession of the facts. But even measured by written testimony, he achieved order out of chaos in the most masterly manner. It wanted something more than patience and experience to disentangle the affairs of Hyderabad at this time. It had been the custom to leave everything of a financial nature to the Minister. He was supreme, and his power was his danger, unless, as in the case of Salar Jung, he was a man of unique business ability. None of his predecessors had possessed his powers either of judgment or courage; they had also not possessed his scrupulous honesty and integrity. These latter qualities were something particularly his own, and in the immediate grave crisis that was facing him, they saved the State of Hyderabad from disgrace and ruin. For the tragedy of the Mutiny was approaching. All Northern India sprang suddenly into a blaze. Central India and the Deccan were only waiting for the revolt of Hyderabad. The situation was so critical that the Governor of Bombay telegraphed to Colonel Davidson, the Resident of Hyderabad, 'If the Nizam goes, all is lost.'

No one knew this better than Salar Jung. In the midst of the crisis the Nizam died. On his deathbed he desired Salar Jung to bring his son to him, and with his last breath enjoined fidelity to the British Government upon the Minister and upon the young Prince. To Salar Jung this was the sign for which he was waiting. No time was lost in proclaiming the

son Afsulu-d-Daula as Nizam. The Resident, even as he returned from the installation ceremony, found a telegram 'waiting for him' from the Governor-General. It was of the most serious import. Delhi had fallen. He sent at once for Salar Jung and told him the contents of the telegram. 'That is no news to me,' said the Minister gravely. 'It has been known in the city for three days.' 'And yet Hyderabad still stands firm,' cried the Resident, utterly at a loss to understand how this could be. 'Nothing will prevent me from carrying out the last wishes of His Highness, the late Nizam,' replied Salar Jung firmly; and although Hyderabad was a mass of disaffection, and the Minister had need of all his strength and all his influence with the people, he managed to hold the situation in hand. So important was this action of the Minister, that many years afterwards Major-General Hill who held the chief military command in His Highness's Dominions, wrote:—'It is but just to this distinguished man that the people of England should be informed how entirely the stability of British rule in South India was owing to the wise and energetic measures adopted at this crisis by Salar Jung.'

To Salar Jung himself, the condition of affairs has well been described as a 'trial, the tension and force of which can never be understood by a European.'

For the newly installed Nizam, the situation must have been just as trying, if not more so. Although he trusted Salar Jung implicitly, and respected his dead father's wishes with every mark of filial obedience, the strain was very heavy. Throughout the weary months of the Mutiny, he and his Minister, although threatened and harassed,

not

held by their agreement to the British alliance. Salar Jung was always expecting to be assassinated, but life was less dear to him than honour, and he held on upon an almost impossibly difficult path which subsequent events proved to have been the only one to lead to the prosperity of Hyderabad State. Courteous and friendly towards all Englishmen with whom he came in contact, Salar Jung's whole conscience was bound up in the service of the Nizam. Later we shall see what indignities and slights he suffered without flinching in his fidelity to his inherited trust, and how far any thought of self-advancement was from his noble mind.

His wise and sane conduct through the dark days of the struggle received most grateful recognition from the British Government, while an Indian of high authority wrote, 'His services were simply priceless.' At the same time the Nizam was warmly congratulated for his unswerving loyalty to his agreements during a period of great trial.

The history of modern Hyderabad really begins with the ministership of Salar Jung. Previous to the Mutiny, he had already ^{carried out in 1858} organized useful reforms, particularly in the Revenue Department. As Premier or Chief Minister he had certain Ministers in charge of departments under him. But (as someone writing of him at the present day says) 'The whole machine ran by the strength of Salar Jung: the designation of, the definition of the powers of, his colleagues or subordinates mattered little if at all. It is not everyone who can bend the bow of Ulysses, or wear the mantle of Elijah. A Prime Minister of but ordinary ability and strength must needs seek support from his colleagues rather than lend support to them.'

Possibly Salar Jung felt able to 'lend support' to everyone, for he was both strong and able. Be this as it may, his colleagues resented his immense capability and the power it gave him, and, as weaker people will, sought to destroy his influence and plotted to remove him from office. With underhand guile, they managed to persuade the Nizam that Salar Jung was unpopular with the Resident, but this plot went against them, for upon His Highness offering to supersede his Chief Minister, the Resident, Colonel Davidson, protested most vigorously. The Nizam was astonished. He had been made to believe that Colonel Davidson wished for the removal of Salar Jung, but the Resident soon unmasked the conspiracy. The Nizam was only too ready to believe good of Salar Jung, for a great bond united this faithful servant and his royal master. They had stood together through sad and doubtful times, and the idea of separation was as painful to the Prince as to the Minister. Joyfully the Nizam received Salar Jung back into his confidence, and as a mark of complete reconciliation, loaded him with most valuable presents.

It is interesting to note that during the estrangement between the Nizam and his Minister the ladies of the harem used their influence to retain the services of Salar Jung as Minister. He was uniformly kind and generous to the female relatives of both his late and his present Prince, and the idea of his dismissal raised a storm of protest amongst the royal ladies. What would they do without him, he who had restored the fallen fortunes of their house? *as the English people say, 'how could they do without him?'*

They pointed out to His Highness that since Salar Jung had been in office their pensions and allowances

had been paid with unfailing regularity, and actually threatened rebellion if he were not immediately re-instated.

But all this intrigue round about his person was very disturbing and distressing to the man who had the welfare of the country at heart. Affairs were by no means straightened out in Hyderabad; they were just beginning to emerge from absolute chaos. If he took his hand from the wheel of the ship of State, it would most certainly run upon the rocks. So he continued his almost autocratic policy, and his enemies continued to plot for his removal from office.

With the cunning of dishonest men, they once more managed to brew trouble between Salar Jung and the Nizam, and to aggravate the situation an avowed enemy and rival of the former was appointed to transact business between the Minister and the Nizam. One may imagine how he improved the occasion, and what tales against Salar Jung reached the royal ears. The Nizam had really no means of judging what truth there was in these tales. He was much attached to Salar Jung, but the new Vakil certainly brought very excellent reasons against continued trust in the Minister. As a matter of fact, Salar Jung had no intention of working through such an intermediary, and after requesting the Nizam without success to dismiss the Vakil, he promptly resigned his appointment. It was at this juncture that the Resident of Hyderabad, the distinguished Sir George Yule, interfered. He knew well what a calamity Salar Jung's removal would be to the State, and after waiting for a time to give the Nizam the opportunity of relenting, wrote to ask for an appointment with His Highness. The interview

took place and is described in Sir George Yule's own words as follows :

'I proceeded to His Highness's residence in the usual way. The assembled crowds were as quiet and orderly as I have always seen them. I was received by both Ministers (who had attended without being summoned) and the Amir-i-Kabir, and led by them into the entrance of a small inner court, where they withdrew, and I walked on to the audience room which His Highness entered from a side door as I ascended the steps, leaving my slippers on them, and meeting in the centre we embraced and sat down, he on a thin quilt and I on a clean white cloth by his side. . . The attendants then all left the room, and remained at the opposite side of the small court in front of us, where they could hear nothing.'

Sir George Yule then began by saying that he had been working for four years in the best of his power for the benefit of His Highness's country and that Her Majesty Queen Victoria had entrusted His Highness with the performance of the ceremony of investing himself, Sir George Yule, and the Minister with the Star of India. Here the Nizam got impatient and broke in with expressions of dissatisfaction with his Minister. Sir George Yule then expressed his high opinion of Salar Jung's services to the State, but the Nizam was very offended with his Minister for resigning, and said he was too proud and always wanted his own way and that if he didn't get it then he threw up his appointment. And as he talked, he began to recover his good humour, laughing a little at his own remarks and poking fun at Salar Jung for being so pleased with himself and his own reforms. 'And yet,' cried the Nizam, 'see how well I have managed my own affairs. It is my

duty, not that of the Minister, to rule my country, and I can do it perfectly well without him.' But Sir George Yule would not agree that Hyderabad could do without Salar Jung, and pointed out that the appointment as *Vakil*, of an official known to be an enemy of the Minister, was a direct slight upon Salar Jung. The Nizam was not to be won over at once, but as Sir George Yule enlarged upon Salar Jung's services in all departments to the State, he relented sufficiently to say that he would think the matter over, and then, abruptly changing the subject, said to his visitor, 'I hear that you are going into Council. Why do you go? You know the affairs of this State now, but you would know them much better ten or twelve years hence.'

At last, after most persistent efforts upon the part of the Resident, with repeated complaints by the Nizam that Salar Jung was 'too proud', and His Highness could not stand that, peace was made, mainly by the generous action of Salar Jung in writing to the Nizam in the spirit of submission required by his royal master before he would accord forgiveness, or restore the Minister to his accustomed honours.

What it cost Salar Jung to write that letter we do not know, but we may assume it would never have been penned, if he had not had the welfare of the State like a weight upon his heart. With him it was always a case of his country first, himself afterwards. He did not love power for power's sake, nor wealth, for he had a sufficiency, and his tastes were simple, his personal desires limited. But he knew that he, and he alone, could raise the State of Hyderabad to its full power, and anything less seemed to him the failure of his life's mission.

After his reconciliation with the Nizam, there was no further unpleasantness, and Salar Jung remained in his master's complete confidence until the death of the latter. *1857-58*

In 1868 a dastardly attempt was made to assassinate the Minister. He was proceeding in a sedan chair to the Ramzan Id durbar at the Nizam's palace, when suddenly a man sprang out of the crowd and fired two pistol shots in close succession. The first shot mortally wounded one of Salar Jung's attendants, the second *smashed* grazed his own turban, *glanced off* the woodwork of his chair, and wounded another attendant. The assassin was at once surrounded by an infuriated mob, and would have been *cut* hewn to pieces had not Sir Salar Jung saved him from the fury of the people, and persuaded them to take him prisoner and confine him in his palace. *Commander-in-Chief*

With praiseworthy calm, the Minister continued upon his way to the Durbar, and *would have* made little of the attempt upon his life. But the Nizam had heard of it, and with unfeigned joy and relief congratulated Salar Jung upon his lucky escape.

Something of the merciful nature of the Minister is demonstrated by the fact that he tried to get the death sentence passed upon his *assailant* *convicted* to that of imprisonment, but the Nizam was determined that the man should pay the full penalty of such a crime and he was beheaded.

In 1869, the Nizam Afsun-d-Daula died, leaving an infant son to succeed him. After considering the position carefully, the Government of India came to the conclusion that there was no person in the State of Hyderabad more fitted to act as Regent than Salar

SIR SALAR JUNG

Jung, and he was appointed to act as such conjointly with Nawab Shamsu-l-Umara. The Regents worked harmoniously together, and under the new regime, Salar Jung found himself for the first time in his life free to leave Hyderabad. The late Nizam had been very conservative in his ideas, and one of them had been that his Minister should never leave the capital. It was a great pleasure to Salar Jung to visit other parts of the State which he had never seen, and he also managed to include a visit to Bombay. He went thus by road, stopping at interesting places, on the route. Bombay he found extremely pleasant, for the Governor did everything in his power to render the visit of his distinguished guest pleasurable. Later on he went to Calcutta where he was entertained by the Viceroy. In 1871 he was invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India by the Resident at Hyderabad, thereafter being known as Sir Salar Jung I. The numeral attached to his name is perhaps the best proof of his greatness. The succeeding Heads of his House are numbered as the successors in a dynasty.

In November 1873 Sir Salar Jung made another visit to Bombay, this time accompanied by a députation of nobles, to represent the young Nizam at the reception to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. It had been intended that His Highness should visit Bombay, but his health would not permit of the journey, and the idea had to be abandoned. Sir Salar Jung throughout the visit acted as representative of the Nizam, and received from the Prince of Wales most valuable and beautiful presents both for the Nizam and for himself.

On 11 April 1876 Sir Salar Jung sailed for Europe, where, after visiting Italy and having audience at Rome, with the King and the Pope, he proceeded to Paris, reaching ~~England~~ ^{London} in June. He had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and some splendid entertainments were given in his honour by royalty and members of the nobility. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of an Honorary D.C.L., and the Corporation of London presented him with the Freedom of the City. He returned to India in August 1876, having most thoroughly appreciated his first visit to the West.

In 1882 the Minister went to Simla to discuss some matters of State with the Viceroy, and to arrange for the forthcoming tour of the Nizam to England. During his stay he made the most charming impression upon everyone he met. They were all delighted with his sincere and courteous manners, his air of fine breeding, and the sense and distinction of his conversation. He now spoke English so fluently that he could converse in that language upon any subject. He left Simla having made many new friends.

In 1883 he accompanied His Highness the Nizam on a visit to Aurangabad, and on the way Raichur and Kulbarga (Gulbarga), both cities of historical interest, were visited. During the tour Sir Salar Jung was at great pains to give the Nizam as much information as possible regarding the administration of the State, and, at each place visited, officials were received in audience by the young Prince, so that they might explain in detail the working of their own departments.

Preparations were now well in hand for the

Nizam's visit to England. The Prince was looking forward with undisguised pleasure to visiting all those places of which his Minister had given him such fascinating accounts. Passages had been booked, the suite selected from among the lists of nobles prepared for the Minister's consideration, all was going well, and there seemed every prospect of a delightful holiday ahead for the Prince and his guardian, when the blow fell which deprived Hyderabad of the best and ablest Minister the State had ever had.

Sir Salar Jung had given a party to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and after a pleasant evening spent at the Mir Alam Tank, where the guests amused themselves by sailing about on the lovely lake, the kind host returned to his palace. As was his habit he worked until nearly midnight, and then went to bed. In the early hours of the morning he was taken ill. The doctors said that he had contracted cholera, but were not unduly alarmed, as he did not seem in any danger. His sons came to see him very early, but he assured them that he was doing well, and begged that they should attend a panther hunt which had been arranged to please the Duke.

As the day wore on he became much worse, and by evening it was evident that the end was near. Directly the sad news became known, the courtyard of his Palace was blocked with the vehicles of those who had come to enquire for him, while hundreds of poor people came on foot and waited about, asking news of the Nawab Sahib. The news was very bad, the grand old man sinking fast, and at twenty-five minutes past seven drew his last breath.

As the sad tidings were conveyed to the waiting crowds outside the Palace, a great cry of sorrow arose from all. Sobs and cries filled the air. Men and women grieved as over the death of a beloved father. There was scarcely a sound but that of grief in all the streets of Hyderabad, business was suspended, people would not eat or sleep. When the news was broken to the Nizam, he burst into tears; it was the saddest moment of his young life. The next morning the boom of the minute guns from the British cantonments at Secunderabad and Bolarum announced the melancholy news there.

The most extraordinary scenes were witnessed at the funeral.

Of the crowds who followed the bier, many were sobbing and showing every sign of grief. Arabs, Pathans, men of every colour, caste, and creed, made up the long procession, while at the windows of the houses women beat their breasts and joined their cries of sorrow to those below. His Highness, who witnessed the passing of his faithful Minister, could hardly restrain his tears. Everybody followed the funeral on foot, and when the grave was reached and the guns were again fired, the whole of the immense crowd gave way to a fresh outburst of sorrow.

But Sir Salar Jung, the saviour of Hyderabad, was at rest. His life had been given freely for the good of the State. With the exception of Sir Madhava Rao, there had never been in all India a public servant to equal him. He was, with that one exception, unique in his acumen, political discretion, and faultless honour. Born into the service of the Nizams of Hyderabad, he had lived and died with no other desire than to bring their dominions to the highest pitch of efficient administration. And well

he had succeeded, even measured in terms of revenue, as figures can show.

His death was a very great blow to Hyderabad, but the State had well learned the lessons that, for nearly a third of a century, her great statesman had striven to teach her.

From all parts of India and from England messages of condolence were sent to his family, while the news of his death was published by the Government of India in a *Government Gazette Extraordinary*, edged with a deep black border. Many were the spoken and written tributes to this great man, but one of especial significance may be quoted as expressing no more than the feeling of all who had ever known him:

'On the public career of the late Regent there is but little necessity for me or any one of us to dwell long. His fame has transcended the limits of Hyderabad. Proofs of his high capacity and energy are all around us. His name has been inscribed on the rolls of India's great men. His resting place will long be sacred to the people of this State. To him we may with slight alteration venture to apply the magnificent saying of antiquity—"Of illustrious men the whole land is the tomb." The Hyderabad State is in a very real sense the tomb of its great Minister. We have met together to do honour to the memory of the friend as well as the statesman. Those of us who are Englishmen mourn for one who, while true to his religion and country, and ever feeling that his duty was to his own sovereign, was for thirty years the loyal friend, and often trusted adviser of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, gave us his entire and devoted support at the time of danger, and has extended to us personally a

thousand kindnesses. There is not a person in this room who could not recount some story illustrating his kindness of heart and immense courtesy. Himself of noble origin, he has set an example to Hyderabad which has done much to make society here something quite different to what it is anywhere else in India. He was emphatically, and in the best sense, and not merely by his official rank, the foremost gentleman in the place. His hospitality and liberality were, as we all know, unbounded. And equally remarkable was his liberality of thought. . . ."

The last sentence of this appreciative speech, gives the key to much that was great in Sir Salar Jung's character. It was to his 'liberal thought' that the soundness of his administration can be attributed. Previous to his appointment as Minister, no real progress had been possible in Hyderabad State. Cramped by an old-fashioned and often unsatisfactory regime, it could not expand. Immediately upon his appointment Sir Salar Jung put his finger upon the weak spots in the administration, as well as upon the abuses of power that had been rise among his predecessors. Instead of closing his eyes to the development that was the direct result of Western initiative and energy, he opened them to see what could be learned and copied from them for the benefit of the Nizam's Dominions. Although he disliked railway travel and often said smilingly that 'the world was moving too fast for him', he was entirely in favour of all modern forms of transport, and one feels that had flying come in his time, an 'Air Mail' would have been part of Hyderabad's postal service.

1 Tribute by the Resident of Hyderabad to Sir Salar Jung.

He made his own personal interests absolutely subservient to those of the State, and always considered himself as 'The Minister to His Highness the Nizam', rather than the virtual ruler, which during his regency he was.

His genius for finance pulled Hyderabad State out of practical bankruptcy, and when the Indian poetess, Sarojini Naidu, wrote the lines in her 'Ode to H. H. The Nizam'

'Your faithful stewards sleepless guard
The harvests of your gold and grain,'

she must have been thinking of this sagacious, wise, and just Minister, 'faithful steward' indeed of the interests of his master.

In his personal relations Sir Salar Jung was always frank and friendly, while his reputation for fair and honest dealing was proverbial. 'His word was his bond', and there is no record of his ever going back upon a promise. He did not promise readily, and was chary of words, realizing that once spoken they could not be taken back. He valued the dignity of his great position too highly to dispense favours indiscriminately. To him the influence attendant upon his high office was a sacred trust not to be lightly dissipated. Of his own wealth he was generous, and he was of a humane and charitable disposition. If he was 'too proud', as his master once half ruefully, half affectionately, called him, his pride was of a noble kind and fed by motives of truth and justice.

A man of slight and rather delicate build, his personal appearance gave but slight indication of the immense power that lay behind his quiet exterior. His expression was calm and peaceful, and even

during the ¹⁸⁵³⁻⁵⁴stressful time of his early ministry he gave little indication outwardly of the turmoil of anxiety that must have racked even his keen and balanced mind.

Not only with his own countrymen but with men of all races who are in possession of the facts of his life, Sir Salar Jung must ^{in Hyderabad}rank as one of the leading statesmen of modern times. He would have been great anywhere, he was especially great in Hyderabad where the good seed of sound government which he broadcast throughout his administration, has borne a very rich harvest indeed. The good work which her great Minister began in 1853 has been vigorously carried on, and the position in which Hyderabad stands to-day, the premier Native State in India, is perhaps the most fitting memorial to mark the life and work of Sir Salar Jung I.

MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE

substance *history* *person who has it*
The essence of the life-story of a mystic cannot be told in the ordinary way of biographies. For from the very outset of his life a mystic discards all ambition for mortal fame and strives after the development of his inward life. Mysticism is to us a shadowy name: it is almost impossible for us to form a satisfactory mental picture of it, unless we ourselves are mystics. Those who practise it have certain religious experiences; and even the greatest mystics have never been able to describe in mortal speech the full nature of such experiences. We who are not mystics stand outside the wall of a garden, and the privileged who may go in assure us that the garden is of indescribable beauty. It is of little use to repeat their words, as if by so doing we hoped to be able to appreciate that beauty. It is only when they themselves come out of the garden that we sometimes begin to see what they mean. When we of the outside world rub up against them, the results are often very interesting: and indeed such little encounters make up all that we can grasp of their history. The result when conveyed to paper is not the usual connected series of incidents which represent a man's outward life: it is rather a series of flashes lighting up—almost as if by accident—a continuous inward development of the spirit; the actual process seems to our limited vision to take place in the dark. Such is the story of Devendranath Tagore.

He was born in 1817 at Jorasanko, Calcutta. His father, Dwarkanath Tagore, was a wealthy man of considerable position. He himself was brought up amid pomp and luxury, was educated at the Hindu College, and at home was taught to practise the orthodox Hindu religion. The greatest influence of his early years was his grandmother, of whom he writes, 'there was a certain freedom of mind in her, together with her blind faith in religion.' She died when he was eighteen years old, and it was on the night before her death that he met with the spiritual experience which changed the whole course of his life. She had been carried down to the banks of the Ganges to die. He was sitting on a rough mat not far from the shed in which she lay. It was full moon, and they were singing to her the Holy Name. This is how he describes what followed :

'The sounds reached my ears faintly, borne on the night-wind; at this opportune moment a strange sense of the unreality of all things suddenly entered my mind. I was as if no longer the same man. A strong aversion to wealth arose within me. The coarse bamboo mat on which I sat seemed to be my fitting seat, carpets and costly spreadings seemed hateful, in my mind was awakened a joy unfelt before. I was then eighteen years old.'

Next day the grandmother died, and during the following days Devendra was too busy with the performance of the funeral rites to spare time for reflection. But when all was over, he was bitterly grieved to find that he could not recapture the ecstasy which had visited him on the banks of the Ganges. It seemed to have gone for ever, and all his efforts to repeat it were in vain. One day he was sitting in his drawing-room, when he suddenly said



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MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE

to those round him, 'I have become a wishing-tree to grant all desires: ask of me anything that is in my power to give, and you shall have it.' A cousin who was present asked for some mirrors and pictures off the wall: they were given him at once, and next day he sent men to fetch all the drawing-room furniture. So Devendra got rid of all his possessions, but still his gloom oppressed him. He took to sitting on a tombstone in a lonely spot in the Botanical Gardens. Everything seemed dark and gloomy to him; even the rays of the midday sun were black; one day he found himself singing aloud, 'Vain, nh! vain is the light of day; without knowledge all is dark as night.' Sometimes he thought he could live no longer.

Then suddenly a flash of light shone upon his gloom. After days of meditation in search of truth, Devendra all at once became aware that the supreme power which propels the universe must be an intelligent being. The realization brought him great happiness. At the same time it seemed clear that this intelligent being could not be the image in a temple or the family idol. 'Thus', he says, 'was the axe laid at the root of idolatry.' From this time he became very determined in his opposition to idolatry, and so he remained for the rest of his life. He was the eldest son, and so it was his duty on ceremonial occasions to go from house to house inviting people. Once when he was still a lad, at the time of the Durga Puja, which is the principal religious festival in Bengal, he was sent to invite Rammohan Roy, the great reformer, whose son Ramaprasad was a schoolmate of his. When he delivered his message, the reformer answered 'Brother, why come to me? Go and ask Radhaprasad.' Now all these years

afterwards Devendra remembered these words and understood them. Rammohan Roy would not join in any image-worship. Nor for the future would he. From this time his mind was made up. But of course he had to begin his little rebellion in a quiet way. He and his brothers made a party and resolved not to go to the temple during the Puja. Their father used to go in the evening, and so, although in deference to him they had to attend the ceremony, it was dark enough to hide their movements; and when everybody else bowed down to the ground, they used to remain standing.

Another ray of light was shed when Devendra first came across the *Upanishads*: it was by accident that he stumbled across a sheet of paper on which a passage from these books was written: but he was thoroughly introduced to them by Ramchandra Vidyavagish who belonged to the Brâhma Sabha, the religious association established by Rammohan Roy. In these books Devendra found the spiritual help he needed. He described thus the effect they had upon him: 'The keenness of my sorrow lay in this, that I was dead to all happiness, earthly and divine; I could take no delight in the things of this world, I could feel no joy in God. But when the divine voice declared that I should renounce all desire of worldly pleasure and take my delight in God alone, I obtained what I had wished for, and was utterly flooded with joy.' Having thus won happiness for himself, he wanted to share it with others. So he had a little room near the tank cleaned and whitewashed, and invited his brothers, his friends and his relatives to meet there. It was at the season of the Durga Puja, when the rest of the family were engaged in the usual ceremonies. All

these young men rose early and bathed and came and sat together in the newly-cleaned room near the tank. The room and the hearts and bodies of those in it were all fresh and pure. Devendra called upon God and then delivered a discourse on a text from one of the *Upanishads*. Everyone listened in reverent silence. It was his first sermon, the first of so many. The meeting went so well that it was decided to make it a regular institution. They called themselves the Tatwabodhini Sabha and met in the evening of the first Sunday in every month. Their object was to gain the knowledge of God. Ramchandra Vidyavagish, who had first introduced Devendra to the *Upanishads*, was made the chief minister. The foundation was on the 6th October, 1839. Devendranath was then twenty-one years old.

The Sabha flourished. Its members were enthusiastic. They all had the right to address meetings of the Association; but it was the rule that the first paper to be handed in to the secretary was the one to be read at the next meeting; so keen were they, that sometimes they would go and tuck their manuscripts under the secretary's pillow, so that he would receive them as soon as he woke up in the morning. Two years passed, and Devendra began to think that there were not enough members, that the Society was not well enough known. So he made a grand anniversary meeting and sent an invitation to every employee in every office in Calcutta. Many came out of curiosity: there were no less than seven discourses, and the meeting lasted from 8 o'clock till 2. As Devendranath himself writes, 'most likely, none had heard or understood anything; but the proceedings of the Sabha were brought to a close with great *éclat*.' After this he

decided to unite the Sabha with the Brâhma-Samaj, Rammohan Roy's foundation. This Society had more or less the same aims as his own, and the amalgamation would greatly strengthen both. Devendranath took charge of the Brâhma-Samaj, and with his associates by hard work increased the attendance until the three rooms which had originally formed the Samaj house were converted into one spacious hall. They were then able to feel that the Brâhma religion was really gaining ground. It was owing to Devendra's influence that the *Vedas* were read in the Samaj in public with no caste-distinction among those who listened.

In 1843 he started a newspaper to give greater publicity to the conduct of his religion: it was called the *Tatwabodhini Patrika*. The press was set up in the house at Hedua where Rammohan Roy's school used to be, the school at which Devendranath was first taught. To this house Vidyavagish used to come to read the *Upanishads* to Devendra: for he was afraid of the young man's father, who one day, in a fit of anger had exclaimed, 'He is spoiling Devendra with his preaching of Brahma mantras. It is nothing but Brahma, Brahma the whole day.' There was more than mere irritation in Dwarkanath's words. It was his ambition to have his son follow in his footsteps and win the highest honours the world could offer. And as it gradually dawned on him that his son was of a very different mind, he was greatly disappointed and grieved. He was not the only parent to whom these young men caused pain. When it was decided that to show how fully caste-distinction was disregarded by the Brâhmas the sacred thread should no longer be worn, the father of one of them tried to stab himself in the

heart with a knife. But nothing deterred the enthusiasts: Devendra and nineteen others were the first to sign the (Brahmic) covenant, and Vidya-vagish in initiating them was so overcome by his feelings that he sobbed like a child and being quite unable to deliver his intended sermon, merely cried, 'Oh! that Rammohan Roy were alive to see this day!' There was no limit to their plans: Devendranath tells us that he thought at this time of uniting the whole of India in a common religion. 'Such were the lofty aspirations which my mind then entertained.'

But the world would not leave him alone. And it is in his dealings with the world that he becomes easiest for us to understand. In 1844 his father was abroad in England and he was left to manage the business matters in India. His subordinates did all the work, but he was very unwilling to undertake the management of so much wealth. He went away for a trip up the Ganges: and on this trip another of those critical experiences came to him, like that of the eve of his grandmother's death: there was the same atmosphere as of things happening outside the scope of ordinary mortal life. One afternoon as he was standing on deck with a friend, he narrowly escaped being killed by a falling spar. Later in the evening a storm arose and the boat got out of control. The two of them leant over the side of the boat gazing in silence at the water rushing by them. 'We are here one moment,' he writes 'and gone the next; life and death go hand-in-hand.' However they got safely to the bank, and sitting there they saw a small boat rapidly approaching them. A man jumped ashore. It was one of Devendra's personal attendants. His face was sad and drawn. He

brought a letter. It was now dark, and Devendra could scarcely read it, but he could see enough to understand that it contained news of his father's death. The news came as a great shock to him. Next morning he started off home to Calcutta: on the way he met with great difficulties and hardships through the roughness of the weather. When he did at last reach home, it was midnight a day or two later. Everyone in the house was asleep except for one of his cousins. He writes: 'Seeing him thus waiting for me alone up to such a late hour gave me a sort of fright,—I know not why.'

His father's death marked a crisis in his life. In the first place, the performance of the funeral ceremonies put his principles once and for all to the test. The family foresaw trouble, and the friendly among them advised him 'not to make a fuss'. His father was too well known. It would be better to conduct the funeral according to the rules laid down in the *shastras*. He answered quietly, 'I have taken the vow of Brāhmaism, and cannot do anything contrary to that vow. For if I did so I should commit a sin against religion.' Girindranath, his second brother said, 'Then everybody will forsake us, every one will go against us.' 'In spite of all that,' he answered, 'we cannot possibly countenance idolatry.' Hardly anyone stood by him, and with this further anxiety added to the shock of his father's death, he could not sleep at night. But at this time he had a remarkable dream. One came to his bedside and bade him get up: he conducted him past the door-keepers through the door of the house, and proceeded to mount up into the sky. Devendra followed, and together they travelled amid the stars and piercing a thick mist came to a full moon. This

moon proved, as they drew nearer, to be flat like the earth. 'The ground was all of white marble. Not a single blade of grass was there,—no flowers, no fruit, only that bare white plain stretcher all around. . . . The light was very soft, like the shade we have in the daytime. The air was pleasing to the senses.' They alighted on this new world, and came to a city. The guide led the way into a house and up to the second floor, where there was a spacious room with a table and some chairs of white marble. The phantom then told Devendra to sit down, and vanished. After a few moments, Devendra's mother, who had died some time before, appeared in the room. He felt as if she had never died.

She said to him 'I wanted to see thee, so I sent for thee. Hast thou really become a *brahmajñani*? Sanctified is the family, fulfilled is the mother's desire.' Then in the rapture of his joy Devendra awoke and found himself tossing upon his bed.

On the *Shraddha* day everybody came from far and near to see the rites performed. Devendra conducted the ceremony in his own way until someone intervened and asked him what he was doing. He hurriedly completed his offerings and went upstairs to his rooms refusing to see anyone. He heard that Girindranath was performing the *Shraddha* in his stead. When everybody had gone, he and a few Brāhmas read the *Kathopanishat* together. A family breach was the result of this day's work: a few took Devendra's part and prevented him from being boycotted. None came to the feast appointed for the next day. His uncle Prasanna Kumar Tagore sent word to say that, if he would never behave thus again, they would all come.

Devendra answered, 'If that could be, then why should I have made all this fuss? I can never join hands with idolatry.' As he himself wrote, 'friends and relatives forsook me, but God drew me nearer to Himself.'

But this was not the only trouble which resulted from the death of Dwarkanath Tagore. He had held a half-share in the business of Carr, Tagore & Co., and in keeping up his princely state had run up very considerable debts. Early in 1847 it was found necessary to wind up the business. A meeting of the creditors was held, and one of the company's officials made a statement of the position. He said that the proprietors of the firm were willing to make up the deficit by adding their own personal property, but Dwarkanath Tagore had made over his landed property to trustees so that it could be saved for his sons. This trust-property, said the official, the creditors could not have. The creditors were not at all pleased to hear this. But Devendra, after a whispered consultation with Girindranath, announced that they had decided that it was only fair to sell the trust-property too. They therefore resigned all their claims. The creditors were astounded, and some of them were even moved to tears. It was voted that the helpless young men should have an allowance out of the estate for their support, and meanwhile a committee was formed to manage the property in order to pay off the debts. To Devendranath this outcome of the whole affair was another sign of God's goodness. 'What I had prayed for,' he writes, 'was granted and realized. . . . I had taken another step forward.' But he was not one to shirk the difficulties of practical life, as the sequel shows.

Three or four months later Girindranath came to him and said, 'Time is passing, but the debts are not being paid off at all. The *sahibs* are only sitting idle and drawing their pay.' He proposed that they should go to the committee and ask to be allowed to manage their own affairs. They would soon be able to pay off the debt, if they were allowed to take a hand. Devendra agreed, and together they went to make the proposal. The creditors were only too pleased, and the brothers once more took charge. 'Thus did we begin to reel up the string of Carr, Tagore & Co.'s kite from the watch-tower of our own house. Whether it would snap half-way or, not was the question.' In fact it took many years, and Girindranath died with the work unfinished, but at last every farthing was paid off.

At the age of thirty-one Devendranath wrote a creed for the Brâhmas. He laid his heart open to God, and said, 'Illumine thou the darkness of my soul.' His heart was immediately enlightened, and by the help of this light he 'saw' a creed. He took it down in pencil on a piece of paper, threw the paper into a box and locked the box. A year afterwards he took it out again and found to his surprise that it was worthy of its destined purpose: with very slight alteration it was published as the heading of the *Tatwabodhini Patrika*. Besides the creed he also wrote a sacred book for the Brâhmas, and this took him only three hours of fluent dictation. But he said of it afterwards that to understand and grasp its inner meaning would take him his whole lifetime; and even then it would not be finished.

Since Devendra had adopted Brâhmaism he had been in the habit of leaving home at the time of the Durga Puja: for this festival was still held in his

household in spite of his opposition to it. He used to make trips to different places near and far, and became in time a very widely-travelled man. Although he was so often absorbed in religious meditation, he was by no means unobservant of the world around him; and the comments in his autobiography are often full of shrewd humour. He was surprised to find that crocodiles were sold in Moulmein for eating. 'The Burmese,' he writes, 'eat crocodiles. The Buddhist doctrine of *Ahimsa* (non-killing) is on their lips; but crocodiles are inside their stomachs!' He tells another amusing story about the Burmese: on one of his expeditions he saw some of the people dancing with wild contortions; a party of Englishmen seeing them began to join in the dance with great gusto. 'A Burmese woman, who was standing at her door, seeing that the *sahibs* were making fun of them, whispered something in the ears of the wildly excited men, and they at once stopped their dancing and music and fled. The Englishmen tried hard to persuade them to dance again, but they would not listen, and made themselves scarce.' And Devendra adds: 'Such is the influence of women over men in Burma.' On another journey he refused to give money to a beggar who had done nothing for him. The beggar then 'jumped from the boat on to the land, and laying hold of the tow-rope, began to pull away hard with the others; after pulling for some time he ran up to me in the boat, and said, 'Now I have done some work, give me money.' 'I laughed and gave him some money, saying, "That's right."'

In 1854 Girindranath died, and as a result of his death there was a further crisis in the Tagore business affairs. Devendra was actually arrested for

debt, but his relations bailed him out, and his uncle Prasanna Kumar Tagore took charge of his business. This uncle was a man of the world, and while being kindly enough disposed towards his nephew, could not of course see eye to eye with him in his outlook on life. One day in the uncle's office Devendra, *apropos* of something else happened to exclaim, 'Reading the *Tatwabodhini Patrika* brings one to such a plight as mine.' The uncle laughed loudly at this, and cried, 'I say, Devendra has come out with a confession!' Then he went on to ask,

'Well, can you prove to me that God exists?'

'Can you prove to me that that wall is there?' returned Devendra.

'Upon my word, what a question! I can see that the wall is there; what is there to prove?'

'I see that God is everywhere; what is there to prove?'

'As if God is the same as the wall!'

'God is something even nearer to me than this wall,' answered Devendra, 'He is within me, within my soul.'

It becomes half-clear from this conversation how wide a gap there lay between Devendranath and the world. More money troubles of a still more painful kind helped to increase this gap. His youngest brother Nagendranath began to run up so many debts that his creditors demanded that Devendra should sign his notes of hand. When Devendra was unwilling to do this, the young man was very much offended and left home in a huff, and the resultant bitterness added greatly to the load on Devendra's mind. At the same time he found that his friends and followers showed ever less religious feeling and piety in their attitude to God: they argued about

Him, and decided upon His nature by a show of hands. Their spirit shocked Devendra. Gradually he became more indifferent to the world: he began to realize that it was by staying in the world that he had fallen into so much trouble. He tells us: 'In the evening I used to sit with my friends in the garden on the banks of the Ganges. The thick clouds of the rainy season used to flit over my head through the sky. These dark-blue clouds brought great joy and peace to my mind at the time. I thought to myself, how free to roam are these; how easily they go hither and thither at their own sweet will. How glad I should be if I could roam as freely as they, and wander about whithersoever I listed.'

And at last he followed the example of the clouds. It was in 1836 that he left home and started off for the hills. Early in 1837 he had some alarming experiences when the Gurkhas marched on Simla, and he had to take refuge in the hills near by. But, after eleven days of anxiety and discomfort he was able to return to Simla, and had no more trouble. From Simla he decided to go still farther north to the higher ranges. His servant Kishori refused to go with him for fear of the great cold. So he said, 'You think I shall not be able to go on my travels alone, if you don't accompany me. I don't want you, you can stay here. Give me the keys of my boxes and trunks.' And he went off, leaving Kishori dumbfounded. The servant afterwards returned and was forgiven. Up in the mountains Devendra was profoundly moved by the strange scenery. He was particularly struck with the beauty and quantity of the flowers in this uninhabited region. 'My eyes were opened,' he writes, 'and my heart expanded; I saw the Universal Mother's hand.'

resting on those small white blossoms. Who was there in this forest to inhale the scent of these flowers or see their beauty? Yet with what loving care had she endowed them with sweet scent and loveliness! Lord! when such is Thy compassion for these little flowers, what must be the extent of Thy mercy for us?' He was like a child in the freshness of his observation. He had never seen snow before. 'One day I saw snow falling like light, carded cotton-wool from the black clouds. Having only seen frozen water before in the shape of ice, I had thought it to be heavy and hard as stone, but now I found it to be thin and light as wool. By shaking one's clothes the snow falls off, leaving them dry as before.'

There was some note in this hill-country which harmonized with the music in his heart. Never before had his spirit been so free and ^{untrammeled} ~~untrammeled~~. His mystic self had never been so prominent. Here is his account of another of those baffling spiritual experiences of his:

'One day during my wanderings I came upon a path leading through a wooded hill, and immediately began to walk along it, following the impulse of the moment. It was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I was so taken up with walking that I went on and on without stopping. One footstep succeeded another, but I was not aware of it. Where I was going, how far I had come, how far I should go—that I did not calculate. After a long time I saw a wayfarer, who went in the direction opposite to mine. This interrupted the course of my meditation, and I returned to consciousness. I then saw that it was evening and the sun had set. Must I not retrace the whole long way?; I turned and

walked back quickly, but night also gained quickly on me. Hill, forest, and glade, all were covered with darkness. Like a lamp in that darkness the half moon accompanied me on my journey. No sound was to be heard on any side, save that of my footsteps crackling on the dry leaves of the road.² A solemn feeling was aroused in my breast, together with that of fear. With thrilling heart I saw the eyes of God within that forest. His sleepless gaze was fixed upon me. Those eyes were my guide in this difficult path. Fearless in the midst of many fearsome things, I reached home before 8 o'clock at night. This gaze of His has become rooted indelibly in my heart. Whenever I fall into trouble, I see those eyes of His.'

And then this happy period came to an abrupt end. The direct cause was another such revelation.³ He tells us :

'One day in the month of September I went down the Khud,⁴ and standing on the bridge of a river, was filled with wonder to see the indomitable strength and playful whirls of its current. Oh! how pure and white is the river here! How naturally clear and cool its waters! Why then does it dash downwards in order to deprive itself of this purity? The lower it goes, the more will it become defiled and tainted by the dirt and refuse of this earth . . . I was musing thus, when suddenly I heard the solemn commandment of the Guide within me: "Give up thy pride, and be lowly like this river. The truth thou hast gained, the devotion and trustfulness that thou hast learnt here; go, make them known to the world." I was startled! Must I then turn back from this holy land of the Himalayas? I had never thought of this. . . . With night no song

came to my lips. I lay down with an uneasy heart and could not sleep well. I rose while it was yet dark, and found my heart trembling, and beating hard. I had never felt like this before, and was afraid I might fall seriously ill. Thinking it would do me good, I went out for a walk. After walking a long time I came home when the sun had risen, yet my palpitation did not stop. Then I called Kishori and said, "Kishori, I shall not stay in Simla any longer; send for a *jhampan*." While saying these words I found my palpitation subsiding. Was this then the medicine I needed? All that day I went on making the necessary arrangements and preparations for going home; and this gave me relief. The palpitation ceased, and I felt all right.'

He set out and after an adventurous journey—for there was still fighting—got back to Calcutta. He was then forty-one years of age. He once more took over the management of the Brâhma-Samaj. In the next year (1859) a young man called Keshab Chandra Sen joined the Brâhma brotherhood. There grew up a deep and lasting friendship between him and Tagore; but their ideals of religious reform were different, and the result was that in six years time Keshab withdrew with his supporters from the parent-church and established the 'Brâhma-Samaj of India'. Tagore then called his own church 'Adi Brâhma-Samaj', and after this time he practically retired from active work in the brotherhood. There were trained ministers to manage its affairs, and he left it in their charge, although for the rest of his long life (he lived to be 88) he never ceased to keep a watchful eye on all they did.

Someone has described the ideal of this last period of his life thus: 'It was to live before the world, in

it and yet out of it, the life of a true Rishi, and pour forth over all who came into his presence the genial radiance of a man of God. Henceforth he became the common patriarch of all the Samajes, and a Maharshi for all Hindus.'

No doubt for the Maharshi himself these last years of his life were the most wonderful. To us they *are, and must remain, a sealed book*. But we catch glimpses of him from the account in the 'Reminiscences' of his son, Rabindranath Tagore. When he and his brothers were still children, they saw very little of their father. He was so often away travelling: and when he did come home, they were not allowed to see much of him. Almost the first real contact between father and son occurred at a time when there was a return of the old Russian invasion scare. The Maharshi was away in the Himalayas, and his wife was seriously, if perhaps unnecessarily, alarmed. She implored Rabindranath to write to his father, and the boy did his best to compose a letter, which was duly dispatched. A reply soon came to say that his father urged him not to be afraid: if the Russians came he would drive them away himself. We get a charming picture of this great god-like father encouraging his young son in all his childish enthusiasms. He took him once on one of his journeys to the Himalayas, and this trip was one of the landmarks in the early life of Rabindranath. We are told that on this journey the Maharshi tried to teach his son carefulness by giving him some small change to look after, and entrusting him with the winding of his valuable gold watch. Rabindranath confesses that he could never keep a proper account of the money and that he wound up the watch 'with such indefatigable zeal

that it had very soon to be sent to the watchmaker's in Calcutta.' In the same spirit in later days the Maharshi would encourage his son's talent for poetry. Once after hearing some hymns which he had composed, he said: 'If the king of the country had known the language and could appreciate its literature, he would doubtless have rewarded the poet. Since that is not so, I suppose I must do it.' And the poet got a cheque.

The son also pays this tribute to his father's memory: 'To the end of his life . . . he never stood in the way of our independence. Many a time have I said or done things repugnant alike to his taste and his judgment; with a word he could have stopped me; but he preferred to wait till the prompting to refrain came from within.'

It is a common belief that those who think much are usually very helpless people in real life. A story of Rabindranath's is worth quoting to show that the Maharshi for one was able to look after his dignity; if he so desired. 'The train had stopped at some big station. The ticket examiner came and punched our tickets. He looked at me curiously as if he had some doubt which he did not care to express. He went off and came back with a companion. Both of them fidgeted about for a time near the door of our compartment and then again retired. At last came the station-master himself. He looked at my half-ticket and then asked:

"Is not the boy over twelve?"

"No," said my father.

I was then only eleven, but looked older than my age.

"You must pay the full fare for him," said the station-master.

My father's eyes flashed as, without a word, he took out a currency note from his box and handed it to the station-master. When they brought my father his change he flung it disdainfully back at them, while the station-master stood abashed at this exposure of the meanness of his implied doubt.'

The Maharshi died on January 19th, 1905. During his last days he kept repeating a favourite stanza of the Persian poet, Hafiz: 'The bell is tolling. I have heard the call, and am ready to depart with all my luggage.' A friend in a letter written on hearing the news of his death said of him: ' . . . he might have been a Maharaja long before this. But he chose the better part.' Maharajas die but Maharshis live—live in the grateful hearts of unborn generations.'

A saint's life is generally obscure enough, and if we were to count the deeds of Devendranath Tagore we should find little to justify his title to fame. But we have a juster measure of his glory in the talents of the family he left behind him. Rabindranath gives us to understand that his father did not devote much time to his household, but his influence is clearly seen in the splendid accomplishments of many members of his family.

Rabindranath himself is perhaps the greatest of living Indian poets, and the beauty of his poetry is certainly fathered by the beautiful thoughts of the Maharshi.

SIR PRATAP SINGH

'Me fighting man, not propaganda man.'

FOR more than a thousand years the Rathores have filled the pages of Indian history with deeds of glory. Legend tells us that Raja Shalya, King of Maru Desh (the Jodhpur of modern times), a Rathore warrior of great valour fought in the war of the Mahabharata. When another great war shook the whole world and every ounce of fighting strength was needed by the allied forces, Sir Pratap Singh, also a Rathore, was among the very first to offer his sword and those of the famous Jodhpur Lancers, to the King-Emperor of India.

He himself was then sixty-nine years of age, but nothing would have prevented him from taking part in the world conflict, and his immediate ambition upon the declaration of war, was to be sent at once into the front line in Flanders.

We shall now read the life story of this ^{fine instance of} staunch and fearless soldier-prince who combined the finest traditions of his race with much that is best in modern civilization.

Pratap Singh, who was born in October 1845, was the third son of Takhat Singh, Maharajah of Jodhpur. The previous ruler, Man Singh, had died without a direct heir, but his wish, that Takhat Singh should succeed him was honoured by the Ranis and Sardars of the State. Takhat Singh, who was at Idar, was brought to Jodhpur and in 1843 installed upon the Gadi.



Photo :

Johnston and Hoffmann

SIR PRATAP SINGH

He inherited no easy position, for at that time Jodhpur, like many another Rajput State, was infested by thieves and dacoits, who persecuted the ryots and defied capture by a weak and inefficient police. The Sardars too, quarrelled incessantly among themselves and in one way or another the fortunes of Jodhpur were at a very low ebb indeed.

The new ruler, however, was a man of courage and energy and he had no intention of giving in to the abuses of the age. So far as he was able he compelled the Sardars to sink their private quarrels, and with the small resources at his disposal in the way of State Police controlled in some measure the depredations of the marauding bands who were the terror of the cultivators.

Takhat Singh seems to have been a stern if loving father, and little Pratap was by no means pampered in his childhood. At the age of two he left the soft security of the Zenana and took up a position at the feet of the Maharajah, where he played happily enough with a few rough wooden toys. Two of these, an elephant and a horse on wheels, were his most treasured possessions and by their aid he learned to walk. Hoisting himself up alongside of one or the other, he would give a push and as the wheels ran on he too had to go on or tumble down and Pratap Singh did not like tumbling down, though when it happened he got up without crying. When he could actually walk, the Maharajah noticed that his feet turned out to an awkward degree and addressing him by his pet name said, 'Shubji Lal, you walk like a duck, your great toes must be tied together;' and they were, with the result that poor Shubji Lal could not lift each foot separately but had to shuffle along as best he could. He managed

get where he wanted even with his toes tied together. Even at an early age Pratap Singh had a genius for overcoming difficulties. Z

His life at this time was made rather irksome by the discovery that he required a medicine containing mercury, which was prescribed by the family doctor. Repeated doses had the effect of making him so hungry that he had to be removed by force and protesting loudly, from his food. His father, who usually superintended the little boy's meals, was on one occasion absent on business, and the care of Pratap fell to a Brahman woman of the Zenana. Out of the kindness of her heart she allowed the hungry child to stuff himself skin-tight. The result for him was a dreadful pain and as he rolled upon the floor in agony he cried out, 'If someone would cut a bit out of me like they do from a water melon to see what the stuff is like inside, I should be all right.' *Pratap Singh's story of his illness*

Prompt measures, in which large quantities of mustard and water played a leading part, resulted in a cure, but ever afterwards Pratap Singh was a frugal eater, no doubt remembering the dire results consequent upon emptying the platter. *large rule for him*

The Maharajah, who was a keen sportsman, used to make frequent visits to his hunting lodges, which were situated a few miles from the capital. There, accompanied by his Ranis and children, he would spend many pleasant days in quest of game, which abounded in those parts. The Ranis, although purdah, took part in these expeditions, each carrying a gun, and mounted upon a horse or camel. Even before he could walk Pratap Singh was one of the party, witnessing the sport from the shoulder of a trusty Rajput. It is not to be wondered at that with

this early example, his reputation as a sportsman was second to none in the world. When he was last in London, he was standing outside the gates of Buckingham Palace. A passer-by, thinking he might have lost his way, stepped up and asked if he could be of any service at the same time enquiring his name. 'Pratap Singh,' was the brief reply. 'What!' cried the Englishman, 'the Pratap Singh?' 'Yes, I the Pratap Singh,' said our hero quietly.

A story of his youth serves to illustrate his absolute fearlessness. Once, when staying at Balsamand, in the garden of which there are some fine banyan trees, he went out to play with some boy friends. The trees were the haunt of a troop of monkeys who boldly descended and snatched away fruit and flowers out of the very hands of the children. One of the monkeys, a fierce and surly brute, lived right within the hollow of a large pipal-tree trunk. With characteristic audacity Pratap Singh, who was then about five years old, conceived the idea of having a wrestling bout with this formidable opponent. Creeping along the wall of the artificial lake, the small boy sought battle with the monkey, who contemptuous of so tiny a foe, advanced to demolish him. Soon child and ape were struggling upon a foot-wide parapet. Not for a moment did Pratap Singh think of letting go. With all his strength he tried to throw the monkey, and so violent were his efforts and equally obstinate those of the monkey, that at last the pair of them fell onto the terrace, full fifteen feet below. The monkey leapt away unhurt, but the boy lay stunned and bleeding. The alarm spread quickly, bringing the Maharajah hurrying to the spot. Picking his little son up in his arms he made all speed to the

house. A head wound that Pratap had sustained bled so profusely as to cause the gravest alarm. In dismay, his father leaned over him saying anxiously, 'Shubji Lal, what is your trouble?' The boy opened his eyes and smiling to reassure the Maharajah said, 'Bao Sahib, I'm all right; why are you so anxious about me?'

When he was seven years old Pratap Singh joined his two elder brothers, and with four servants to look after them and five loyal Rajputs as bodyguards, the three Princes were brought up together. At this time Pratap Singh learned to ride. His first riding master was too gentle for his taste, and hearing that another teacher, Sheik Karim Buksh, was extremely strict, even giving his pupils a cut with the whip if they failed to follow out instructions, Pratap begged his father to put him under this man. Sheik Karim Buksh proved to be all that rumour had painted him. At the first lesson, having made his obeisance to one of the royal house, the riding master said, 'Though you are my master and the giver of bread, now that you learn riding from me, I, as your teacher, shall be as your master. Whatever order I give you, that order you must obey.'

'Yes, Teacher Sahib,' replied the young Prince respectfully, 'you are free to do with me as you think best.'

Having cleared the way of any possible misunderstanding, Sheik Karim Buksh began the lesson and Pratap soon found that his teacher's reputation for severity had been well earned. The instructions came like commands; 'Keep your thighs firm,' or 'Fix your eyes between the two ears of the horse, Do not let your head stoop,' and others, until the new pupil

found it hard to remember what he had to do, but if he did not after a correction or two, surely enough the whip came into play. But whatever the drawbacks, at the time, of such severity, Pratap Singh always ascribed his own perfect horsemanship to the fine teaching he had received from Sheik Karim Buksh. Later, when he was shaping the Jodhpur Lancers he put them through their paces very much in the manner of his old riding master.

At about this time Pratap Singh came under the influence of the Maharajah Ram Singh of Jaipur. Marrying Pratap's eldest sister he took a great fancy to his little brother-in-law and went out of his way to teach him those lessons of chivalry and devotion to duty, which were to help Pratap Singh serve Jodhpur and Idar so signally when he was called upon to do so.

Maharajah Takhat Singh had always a soft corner in his heart for 'Shubji Lal' and as he grew older singled him out for special favours, but Pratap, who had a very keen sense of justice, would never accept more than his barest rights. His attitude when it was hinted that a large district might be made over to him, gives an instance of fraternal loyalty which it would be hard to parallel. His father, weary of the responsibilities of state, announced his intention of appointing his eldest son Jaswant Singh as Regent or Yuvaraj and of retiring to Jalore. This district he proposed eventually to settle upon his third son, whom he wished to accompany him. Pratap Singh, instead of snatching at such a prize, generously pointed out that the separation of Jalore would impair the dignity of Jodhpur, and expressed himself as quite willing to serve his brother to the best of his ability. From this time he entered the

service of Jaswant Singh, proving himself a capable, if unofficial, Prime Minister. Everything except finance was left to him, and he well deserved the trust. Jaswant Singh was unfortunate in being surrounded by companions of a most undesirable nature, and this made matters very difficult for Pratap besides leading to constant friction between the Yuvaraj and his father. Pratap did his best to smooth matters over and with tact remarkable in so young a man managed to reconcile the old Maharajah with his heir. Indeed Pratap Singh was the most faithful, intelligent and hardworking servant that at that time the State of Jodhpur possessed.

Unfortunately his father failed to recognize this. As Takhat Singh grew older he became irascible and suspicious, and at one time actually threatened Jaswant Singh with handing the whole administration of Jodhpur to the British Government. He grew stingy too, and begrudged his sons even a reasonable allowance, a humiliating state of affairs for young Princes who had grand establishments to keep up. As a matter of fact Pratap Singh did not care for grandeur. He even saddled his own horse and slept when on the march upon the saddle bags. He always had a leaning towards simplicity, and to the last preferred sleeping on a plank to a soft bed.

By degrees the old Maharajah grew so mean and so unreasonable that even Pratap Singh's patience was worn out and although there was not a complete breach between father and son, all the happy confidence had faded. Shubji Lal, once, so loved, was now more or less always out of favour, and through no fault of his own.

In the meantime he had been actively engaged in helping Jaswant Singh to round up the notorious

dacoits who once again were harassing the ryots past all endurance. These dacoits had managed to insinuate themselves into the good ^{A. S. S. S.}graces of the Thakurs, who no doubt received a share of the booty, in return for providing shelter for the fugitives from justice. The Yuvaraj, ably seconded by Pratap Singh, killed or captured the whole band, to the unspeakable relief of their victims. Besides this signal service to the State, Jaswant Singh, again assisted by his loyal brother, did splendid work in famine relief, and was warmly congratulated by the Government of India for his services in both respects.

In 1870 the Viceroy held a Darbar at Ajmere. To this the old Maharajah went, accompanied by his sons Jaswant and Pratap Singh. To his annoyance, Takhat Singh did not receive the full honours he considered himself entitled to, being placed below the rulers of Udaipur and Jaipur. He became very sulky and rude, his behaviour bringing upon him a sharp rebuke from the Viceroy. This was followed by an order to the effect that he was to return to his own State and be deprived of his salute and drums, so long as he remained in Ajmere. His two sons remained until the next day when the Viceroy sent for them and praised them warmly for the very able way in which they had discharged their duties to the State.

For five years Pratap Singh continued to serve his brother, maintaining through many difficult times an unbroken fidelity to his trust, indeed on no occasion during his long life was there an incident when his bearing towards the authority over him was anything but exemplary. The loyal faith which a true Rajput exhibits towards the one whom he

acknowledges as his Raj, was to Pratap Singh almost a religion. Whether it was his brother as Maharajah of Jodhpur, his brother-in-law Ram Singh of Jaipur, or the King-Emperor of India represented by the British Government, once he had dedicated his sword to their service, no power on earth would have interfered with his idea of what that service entailed.

When Prince Akbar, the son of the Emperor Aurangzeb, threw in his lot with the Rajputs, and claimed consideration for them upon the strength of the victories they had won for his namesake the Emperor Akbar, he wrote to his father as follows, 'Blessings be on this race's fidelity to their salt,' and he lauds the heroism of men who will lay down their lives for their master's sons. Pratap Singh would at any moment have done this. He had no enemies but those of his Prince, no victories but those won for the State, no needs but a horse and a sword, and if death came, one worthy of a Rathore, for in his own words 'Religiously, for a Rajput, war is the open door to heaven.'

But he grew weary of intrigues and misunderstandings in Jodhpur, and yearned for a wider sphere and complete confidence. Both, he knew, awaited him in the service of his brother-in-law, Maharajah Ram Singh of Jaipur. Directly Jaswant Singh heard of his intention to leave Jodhpur, he refused his permission. This was a challenge which Pratap Singh at once took up. Placing his family in the care of his grandmother, he set off alone at night. After a journey lasting three days he came to Jaipur and was received with every mark of joy by the Maharajah, who was only too glad to have attracted his brother-in-law to his service. On the other hand,

Jaswant Singh was deeply chagrined by his brother's departure and sent messengers to recall him. But Pratap Singh acknowledged a new master now. He had shaken the dust of Jodhpur off his feet for some time, and had no immediate intention of returning there. He sent a message to Jaswant Singh to say that he 'wanted to see the world and gain some experience,' and the mortified Yuvaraj had to content himself with the assurance that if urgent need arose of his services, Pratap Singh would return.

While at the Court of Jaipur, Pratap Singh amused himself by overhauling the armoury which to his idea was in a very 'rickety' state, and could produce no spears fit to hunt with. He wanted to hunt, so he made himself a spear by splitting a bamboo, inserting a knife blade, and then binding it firmly with cord. When some more were made on the same pattern, he armed the Rajkumars of Jaipur with them and organized a boar hunt. The Rajkumars, to whom pig-sticking was a novelty, wished to shoot the beast with guns. Pratap Singh was inexpressibly shocked at such an unsportsmanlike mode of dispatching the quarry, and insisted on spears or nothing. Only one mangy boar fell to the party and as their orders were only to 'kill one,' they all went home. The Maharajah was very contemptuous of their bag, but Pratap Singh reminded him that the order was 'to kill one boar,' and they had obeyed it. After this he was permitted to hunt as much as he chose and the young nobles of Jaipur became enthusiasts for the sport which he had introduced into the State.

His brother-in-law showed the confidence he had in Pratap Singh by asking him to become a member

of his State Council. This honour was refused, for Pratap Singh felt pretty sure that sooner or later he would be recalled to Jodhpur.

During his stay in Jaipur he endeared himself so much to the Maharajah, that he was offered the Jagir of Laslut, a fine prize for so young a man. This too he refused, since he knew that he would never be allowed to remain permanently in Ram Singh's service.

The call came, as he expected. A fresh quarrel between old Takhat Singh and his eldest son seemed to be leading to a really formidable breach. Jaswant Singh's only fault this time seems to have been a commendable attempt to put an end to the regime of his father's advisers, who, corrupt and self-seeking, had done nothing but foment trouble between the Maharajah and his sons, at least ever since the latter had been old enough to have any voice in matters of administration. Takhat Singh again repeated his threat to hand over everything to the British Government, depriving Jaswant Singh of his Regency, during which on the whole he had managed the affairs of Jodhpur very well. The presence of Pratap Singh was urgently needed to avert the family dishonour. He did not hesitate a moment. Mounting his horse, he covered the distance from Jaipur to Jodhpur in twenty-one hours, about two hundred and fifty miles; as the journey was made at the hottest part of the year, it speaks volumes for the rider's endurance. On arrival, and when he was in command of the situation, Pratap Singh interviewed his formidable old father, and begged him to reconsider a decision which was unfair, not only to Jaswant Singh but to all his other sons, and which would bring a stain

upon the family name. He urged Takhat Singh to remember how high this name had always stood in the annals of Marwar.

The Maharajah condescended to listen to the reasoning of Pratap Singh who managed the whole affair with such delicate tact that his father dropped the idea of calling in Government advice, and departed in an amiable frame of mind for a visit to some friends at Mount Abu.

The Prince Regent must have heaved a sigh of relief as the old gentleman disappeared. But the relief was short-lived. A storm of intrigue arose around and among affairs in Jodhpur, and Jaswant Singh was thankful to have the sturdy support of Pratap at his disposal. The old Maharajah learning of the uproar, came storming back from Mount Abu, and with considerable spirit routed the plotters, even, taking the field against a faction of rebellious Thakurs, which had developed into an opposing force. Here Pratap Singh came into his own; the Maharajah inspected the Jodhpur troops of that period accompanied by the Resident, Major Impey. The latter surveyed the motley company, made up of the retainers of the Sardars, armed anyhow, dressed in anything that came handy, undisciplined and undrilled. For a few moments of dismay and indecision the Resident surveyed the troops, and the situation was becoming awkward, when suddenly he remembered Pratap Singh, and with a sensation of relief, warmly recommended him for the 'high command.'

To Pratap it was by no means a doubtful honour. Under the ragged tunics of every shade and shape, he knew Rajput hearts beat true. He knew that here was a band of men that only lacked a

leader. He would lead them, but first there were things to do. If every combatant wore what fancy or fate provided for him, the odds were that in the heat of the battle no one would be able to distinguish friend from foe. So he conceived the idea of ordering all his men to have their loin cloths dyed saffron. This was a really great idea, for history shows that when the Rajput dons a saffron garment, he will fight to death or victory. On the top of the triumph over the uniforms, Pratap Singh scored another by arranging to settle up arrears of pay to the State troops. This he was able to do at once, for the Maharajah, like a careful old lady going upon a journey provided with biscuits, had come to the field with a bag of rupees. It is probable that he had no intention of opening the bag if his troops would fight unpaid; whatever his views upon the matter, Pratap forestalled his actions by stipulating that the men should have their pay before the battle, not after it, and was justified in his claim. The Jodhpur troops from that day displayed a keenness for which ever since they have been noted, and which was demonstrated so finely in the Great War. And in the early days of their training under Pratap Singh, that they were paid was nothing in comparison with the fact that they were led.

Shortly after the suppression of the rebellion in his State, the Maharajah Takhat Singh died. To the last he displayed a fighting spirit by fiercely disobeying the doctor's orders. The funeral rites were carried out by Pratap Singh, as custom forbade Jaswant Singh doing so. After seeing his brother firmly established upon the Gadi of Jodhpur, he once more sought the congenial hospitality of his brother-in-law at Jaipur.

He was not long left in peace from Jodhpur troubles. Jaswant Singh was again experiencing trouble from the depredations of dacoits in his State. Pratap Singh considered that his duty lay in going to the aid of his brother, and between them they broke up a powerful confederacy, whose members had been in the habit of holding up all upon the highway, demanding heavy toll or extorting it by violence; and, having gained their ends, they would make off upon swift camels or horses to their secret hiding places.

Pratap Singh had his own way of discovering these hiding places and of dealing with the dacoits when he secured them, and at last Jodhpur was once more freed from the scourge which had rendered all travel in the State territory a very dangerous undertaking.

During all this time Pratap Singh's beneficent activities in the service of Jodhpur State had been hampered and discouraged by the malevolence of an officer called Faizulla Khan, who had managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the old Maharajah in his lifetime. He had failed in this respect with Jaswant Singh, who refused to be influenced against his brother. Eventually Pratap Singh was forced to act against his enemy, which he did with much firmness. (Faizulla Khan's prestige suffered a complete eclipse, while the confidence in Pratap Singh's administration was fully established in the State.

He was now able to carry out some much needed reforms in Marwar and it was in undertaking them that he reaped the benefit of his training under the wise example of the Maharajah of Jaipur. In the teeth of strong opposition, he reorganized the State

treasury, and was rewarded by freeing Jodhpur from a debt of sixty lakhs. Not content with this however, he carried on his policy until instead of a deficit the State owned a revenue of nearly two crores. With the same energy and discretion as he had shown in dealing with finance, he examined and remodelled practically all State departments, the Maharajah deputing him to settle the difficulties which arose with some frequency during such wholesale reforms.

The subject of education had always interested Pratap Singh, and the dearth of schools in the State (in 1878 there were only five) was a source of concern to him. Upon his return from Jaipur he tackled the question of State education and by 1886 had instituted a Department of Education. Schools now multiplied rapidly, and it was not long before there were twenty-six as against the five which seemed to suffice Jodhpur in the time of Takhat Singh.

The Resident of Jodhpur, Colonel Powlett, was very much attached to Pratap Singh, and the friendship continued over a long period of years. To this intelligent and high-minded Englishman was due much of the success that attended Pratap Singh's sweeping reforms in Jodhpur. Whenever Colonel Powlett went on leave something untoward always happened to upset the wise and excellent administration of the Prime Minister, for that is the position which Pratap Singh really occupied in Jodhpur.

Indeed, Pratap Singh's relationships with Europeans were always of the happiest, and upon his several visits to England he made many friends of whom he always spoke in terms of warm admiration. But although so popular among his English friends,

all of whom respected him for the fine fellow and good sportsman that he was, yet he never left India upon any but high missions connected with the prestige of the State. His first visit to England was when, as the Ambassador of Jodhpur, he represented the State at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. On this occasion he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel, which, as being a military distinction, pleased him very much. (He returned to India with the feeling that his English experiences had in his own words 'expanded both head and heart,' and with his natural energy stimulated by the sight of European progress, which he burned to bring into the administration of Jodhpur.)

In 1888 the State Medical Department was initiated, and the Hewson Hospital opened, so named in memory of his friend Mr. Hewson, a most capable customs officer, who to Pratap Singh's great grief had died in 1869.

One of his dearest projects was to create a body of regular State cavalry. He had never forgotten his first command, when he led the 'motley crew' of 'ragged mercenaries' against the rebels. He well knew what Rajput soldiers could be made with discipline and training. They owned a tradition second to none in the whole world when well-armed and well-led. He gained the Maharajah's sanction to his appointment as an honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of cavalry, and with fifty or so Rajput Sowars who composed his own retinue began to work upon the training of a regular body of horse. To anyone who has seen the matchless contingent, the Jodhpur Lancers on parade, it will be clear how well Pratap Singh fulfilled a by no means easy task. True his material in men was of the best, but his recruits

knew little or nothing of the British system of drill. They were naturally good horsemen, but smartness had so far not been a Rajput ideal. Give them a fight and they were ready to die for 'their salt,' but in peace time it was quite a new idea for them to drill, and drill, to go through manceuvres, and to keep their equipment in spick and span order. Previously a broken strap could be repaired by a length of string, and do very well. Pratap Singh changed all this, though to the end of his life he argued that in war-time buckles and spurs, bits and other metal parts of a soldier's equipment should be left unburnished. His own service belt was divested of all brass. He had probably a sound practical reason for avoiding anything that shone, in a land where the sun picks out anything bright and makes its wearer a mark for the enemy.

In 1889 General Sir Frederick Roberts (afterwards Lord Roberts, the adored 'Bobs' of the British army), Commander-in-Chief in India, visited Jodhpur for the first time. At a banquet in his honour, Pratap Singh, by the request of the Maharajah, proposed the health of the Queen-Empress as well as that of the distinguished guest. His Excellency in his reply said:

"In the life of Colonel Skinner, which I have been reading again with increased interest since I came to Rajputana, we are told that, if we seek for a picture of chivalrous gallantry, unswerving fidelity and fearless self-devotion, we have only to turn to the cavalry of the Rajput States, and particularly that of the Rathores. We shall then find acts of resolute heroism that have not been surpassed by the troops of any age or country. It is the Izzat or Abroo of the Rajput which is dearer to him than life. I wish

that time would admit of my recounting some of the many instances in which Rajputs, when fighting against vastly superior numbers, have cheerfully laid down their lives rather than dishonour themselves by giving up their arms or acknowledging themselves conquered.) But were I to begin I should find it difficult to stop. Of one thing, however, I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, that what has been done before will be done again should occasion require it, and we may rest satisfied that no Rajput cavalry were more self-sacrificing or more loyal to their rulers than the body of Rathore horse, now being raised at Jodhpur, will be to the British Government. . . .

(Stirring words these, and prophetic of the great spirit which the Rajput troops displayed in the fields of France and Palestine.)

It was during this visit that Pratap Singh probably saved the life of Sir Frederick Roberts. The Commander-in-Chief had wounded a boar; the animal turned and charging underneath the horse he was riding wounded it severely. Sir Pratap, remembering the wrestling tricks of his youth sprang from his horse and, seizing the infuriated boar by its hind legs, held it in a grip of iron. This prompt and very brave action gave Sir Frederick time to dismount and dispatch the boar with his spear. Although he had risked his life for his guest, Pratap Singh thought nothing more of it than when he had been thrown by the monkey and so nearly killed at Balsamand.

A year after the Commander-in-Chief's visit, His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, the brother of King George V, came to Jodhpur. Pratap Singh, who was detailed to attend the royal visitor,

ook it upon himself to improve his riding. One day when they were out together and the manner of the Prince's riding did not satisfy the Rathore, he said bluntly 'Sir, you not riding like that, you riding like this. You riding like that, you spoiling my mare.'

Pratap Singh's English never reached a high pitch of grammatical correctness, but for all that he rarely failed to convey his meaning. On this occasion the Prince quite understood, and replied, 'Thank you very much, Sir Pratap; it is so good of you to tell me. If people would all tell me the truth, instead of saying I do things perfectly, I should have a chance of learning.'

When two years later Prince Albert Edward died, Pratap Singh was genuinely distressed. He had a wonderful capacity for friendship.

In 1895 on the 11th of October Maharajah Jaswant Singh died. This calamity came as a great blow to his devoted brother, who had his feelings further harrowed by being obliged to set alight the funeral pyre with his own hands. It is the ancient custom that the eldest son who ascends the Gadi may not take part in the ceremonies that follow the death of the Maharajah, and as Jaswant Singh had only one son, the duty devolved upon his brother.

The heir was only eighteen years of age, so Pratap Singh was appointed Regent by the Government of India until his nephew should reach his majority. Although Marwar was in a much more settled state than when Jaswant Singh began to rule, the Regent met with grievous difficulties in keeping the ship of State from running on the rocks. In the course of his vigorous reforms he had of a necessity made enemies. These now combined to oppose and harass

him as well as to brew trouble between him and the young Maharajah. Perhaps it was as well that he was summoned to England, to represent India at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and after his return was appointed to the staff on the Mohmand and Tirah campaigns. (He was not a man to suffer either fools or knaves gladly, and had he remained in Jodhpur for the whole period of his Regency, his independent and frank nature might have given his enemies an opportunity of creating a real breach between uncle and nephew.)

During his second visit to England, he received from the hands of Queen Victoria the G.C.S.I., and was also honoured by the University of Cambridge which conferred upon him the degree of an Honorary LL.D. (There is a portrait of him taken in his academical robes which is a great contrast to the one so familiar to everyone in which he wears the beautiful uniform of an officer in the Jodhpur Lancers.)

In 1892 he volunteered for service with the Black Mountain Expedition, but was refused. This was the cause of much heart-burning to the staunch soldier, and he was still more upset when he learned that Thakurs Hari Singh and Dhokal Singh had been sent to train with the 11th Lancers. He made a strong protest to General Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, saying that he did not see much use in his having been created a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army if he was not going to be given a chance of service. General Roberts who knew and admired him, sent a tactful reply, pointing out that small affairs were scarcely suitable for such a veteran leader. But Sir Pratap ached to draw his sword, and remained unpacified. The news of the

lanned
by using the old campaign
 projected Mohmand campaign reached him soon after, and he simply insisted on his claims being recognized.

A week later the entire Jodhpur Rissala received orders to take the field. Sir Pratap was now completely happy. All through the campaign, which was a difficult and dangerous one, he adapted himself to his novel surroundings with the ease of an old campaigner. Later, when on the Tirah Expedition, he wrote of a fight with the enemy:

'In this a Gurkha Regiment was in the forefront. They made a very good charge and after advancing about 200 yards, laid themselves down beyond the others. The last charge was that of the Highlanders, who, advancing beyond the others, mounted up the hill. But the Afridis had run away before their arrival. The Gurkha and Dorset Regiments suffered considerable loss, for showers of shots fell on them direct from the front. The sight was a bewildering one. Several gave up their lives before my eyes. It was a pity that I was not one of the privates in the fight.'

The last sentence was worthy of the very gallant warrior Sir Pratap Singh was. *Rank*, personal safety, everything, was forgotten in the keen wish to be with the men.

His war diary contains some very entertaining reading, and his description of an act of gallantry performed by Hari Singh is typical of his style:

'It happened that we were marching along the bank of a small stream, and to our left there were Pathans concealed upon a hill. They began shooting as we passed them, and five of our men were wounded. . . . In this situation General Lockhart ordered all of us to cover ourselves behind

blinds

a raised portion of the river bank, and agreeable to order, General Nicholson conducted us to the retreat pointed out. But Hari Singh did not move from the side of General Lockhart, as the General had called for his horse that he might ride in advance; but before he had mounted, his syce let go his hold upon the animal through fear, and it ran away. Hari Singh caught it, and the General then mounting rode off. Hari Singh then came to me and asked me laughing, "Bapji, why did you run away?" I replied that I had not run away, but it was necessary to obey orders. He rejoined that was not a time to obey orders; the occasion was of quite a different kind. I admitted that it was indeed an occasion of a special kind. Hari Singh was a very brave man. It was always a pleasure to him to throw himself into dangerous situations.'

During the campaign Sir Pratap was wounded, but with characteristic fortitude failed to mention this to anyone but Hari Singh, who helped him to bandage the wound. Next day a friend wished to shake hands with Sir Pratap, when Hari Singh, who had been ordered to conceal the matter, cried out, 'Take care, his hand is wounded!' This very much annoyed Sir Pratap, though he could not help feeling gratified when Queen Victoria herself expressed her solicitude and sent inquiries as to his progress.

For his services with the Expedition, Sir Pratap was created a Companion of the Order of the Bath and promoted to the rank of full Colonel.

In 1900 Sir Pratap Singh, longing to take part in another military mission accompanied the Jodhpur Rissala in the China Campaign. His experiences and adventures among the Cossacks who were also

on service, make lively reading. Russia, Japan, Germany, America and France had all sent contingents; the officers of the various regiments met frequently, and as Sir Pratap puts it, 'spent their time in joking and jollity.' It may be imagined that the old Rathore contributed his share of the 'joking and jollity,' and brought a laugh whenever he came out with a witticism in his quaint English.

He was disappointed that the Jodhpur Rissala saw very little fighting, but he was in the middle of what there was, and not until 'the Sirkar' as the troops called him had pointed his lance, would one of the regiment use his.

During Sir Pratap's service in China, the Maharajah of Idar died without an heir. The Princes of Jodhpur had hereditary claim upon the Gadi of Idar, and Sir Pratap at once laid his before the Government of India. On his return to Jodhpur he learned that a posthumous child was expected to be born to one of the late Chief's ranis. The Viceroy then informed Sir Pratap that he might be appointed Regent of Idar if he wished. But he did not wish, and refused the honour, remembering his difficulties as Regent of Jodhpur. A boy was born, but died, and Sir Pratap was acclaimed Maharajah of Idar. No other claimant was so well fitted either by nature or training to succeed. The installation took place at Idar on February 12th, 1902.

The new ruler lost no time in settling down into calmness. Idar, like Jodhpur upon the accession of Jaswant Singh, was by no means a model State, but Sir Pratap had every intention of making it so. Progress was delayed however by an invitation which the new Maharajah received to attend the coronation of King Edward VII. This was Sir

Pratap's third visit to England, and perhaps his happiest. As a guest of the Government a house near Buckingham Palace was placed at his disposal. 'Here,' he says, 'I felt quite at home, for on one hand the Royal family treated me as if I were one of them, while, on the other hand, the kindness of old friends knew no limit.'

During this visit he was invested by King Edward with the K.C.B. and given the rank of Major-General. The Coronation was delayed by the sudden and dangerous illness of the King, which in common with all his subjects, caused the loyal Rathore great anxiety. 'Thank God,' he says happily, when all danger was passed, 'that His Majesty was cured in a short time.'

He describes the actual coronation at length and notes with great interest that the ceremony in Westminster Abbey had much in common with a coronation in India.)

After a week spent among his good friends, Sir Pratap sailed for India and settled down in earnest to his task of beneficent reform. In the same year he attended the Delhi Durbar and was very pleased by the admiration which the newly formed Imperial Cadet Corps ^{exhibited} aroused in its ^{splendid and impressive display} frequent appearances as part of the Viceroy's escort. As its Commanding Officer, dressed in the beautiful uniform of white and blue, he rode by the side of the Commandant; all Delhi acclaimed him for the splendid Rajput soldier and great Prince he was.

The next honour that was bestowed upon Sir Pratap Singh, was his appointment as Chief of the Indian Staff to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George V. In 1905, the Prince visited India and Sir Pratap accompanied him upon

his tour. (The skill the royal visitor displayed in all branches of sport endeared him to the Rajput, who tells of his prowess with as much pride as if it had been shown by a member of his own family. When the Prince left India, Sir Pratap was quite melancholy for a long time, going over and over in his mind's eye the splendid days of sport they had had together.) *happy time*

He never expected to see England again, but fate willed otherwise. Being recalled to Jodhpur by the death of his nephew the Maharajah which took place in 1911, he was once more appointed Regent of the State. To fulfil his duties at Jodhpur it was necessary for him to abdicate the Gadi of Idar, on which he was succeeded by his nephew Daulat Singh. Matters thus settled, he departed to England to attend the coronation of King George V. On this occasion he took with him his grand-nephew, who by the wish of his dead father was to be educated in England.

On his return to Jodhpur he continued his wise policy of administration which had previously done so much to bring the State to its present level of efficiency, and matters for the next few years went on in their usual way.

Sir Pratap, who had been twice married, had lost his first wife when she gave birth to a daughter, who afterwards married the Thakur of Bera. His second wife had no children, but Sir Pratap was devoted to her, and rightly so, for she was a woman of high character, devout, well educated, and yet possessed of all the domestic virtues which are the crown of the Hindu woman. *for father*

In August 1914 the Great War began, a war which Sir Pratap Singh himself said was far bigger and

more terrible than that of the Mahabharata. Directly it was declared, he rushed off to Simla, begging to be sent to France. Indeed he went so far as to send a telegram to the King-Emperor which contained the phrase 'Your Majesty's old Rajput soldier.' Major-General Sir Pratap Singh, with ever so many honours attached to his name, late ruler of Idar, virtual ruler of Jodhpur was at his proudest as 'an old Rajput soldier,' and as such was ready to fight for the cause which he had made his own. He was really too old to face the rigours of a French winter under conditions of active service, but he would go, and although never actually in the front line, it was not his fault or for lack of trying to get there. His example to the Indian troops was magnificent and his influence with them invaluable. If any little difficulty arose owing to the strange environment they found themselves in, it was Sir Pratap who knew how to smooth things over. Indian officers and sepoy's gained comfort and strength during that terrible time by the feeling that he was among them. He would receive them in his own quarters and bid them keep up a good heart and the fair name of India, which, as he says, 'they actually did in that very adverse climate.'

In spite of suffering from severe bouts of fever, Sir Pratap never complained, but went through the battle of Cambrai with his men. From 1914 to 1918 he shared the troubles and hardships of the Indian troops until they were withdrawn from France, when he accompanied them to Egypt. An effort was made to deter him from following them through the Jordan valley, a regular inferno in the summer, rendered dangerous by epidemics of malaria and dysentery and infested by mosquitoes. The more he

heard about the discomforts and risks, the keener the old warrior became to share them. He took part in Allenby's great advance, and made no more of the fatigues of it than if it had been a picnic. On one occasion he was in the saddle for thirty hours, except for five hours rest. At seventy-four it was a bit too much even for him, and he went down with fever. While he was still ill, the news of the death of the young Maharajah of Jodhpur arrived and an urgent summons came to Sir Pratap to return to India and resume the duties of Regent.

Great was his joy when the Jodhpur Lancers covered themselves with glory at Haifa, which they captured at a gallop. In the charge the Colonel, Thakur Dalpat Singh, fell fighting, as a Rajput warrior should. And great too, strangely enough, was the joy of Sir Pratap Singh, when he heard of his nephew's gallant end. In his reply to General Allenby's telegram announcing the heroic deed, he said 'Dalpat Singh's great day has arrived.'

For four useful and busy years he continued to work for the good of the Jodhpur State, and when death came he met it with the same simplicity with which he had received his many honours and which was a quality of his greatness.

No magnificent cenotaph stands in his memory, but, by the parade ground, a simple marble chattri on a red sandstone base marks his passing. His loss to Jodhpur, to India, and to the whole Empire was irreparable. A true friend, a chivalrous foe, a faithful servant of India, and a very gallant gentleman.

SIR RAMKRISHNA BHANDARKAR

'In good men knowledge casts out pride.'

BHARTIHARI

WITH Sir R. G. Bhandarkar there ^{was away} passed away a figure unique in the long history of Hindu learning—one who combined the ^{wide} vast knowledge of the old Mahapundits with the ^{broader} wider outlook and the more critical methods of what we may call modern world-scholarship. Sir Ramkrishna, in a word, had unified all that was most valuable in the tradition, both of Eastern and Western learning.

He was born on the 6th of July 1837, at Malwan, where his father, a Maharashtra Brahmin, was clerk to the Mamlatdar. It will be seen therefore that Ramkrishna owed nothing of his subsequent position in the world of literature and learning either to wealth or family influence. It may be noted, however, that his father was a man of a progressive type of mind, for when he was transferred to Ratnagiri, where there was an English school, he sent his son, in spite of popular prejudice, to study there.

These were the days when the ^{coming} advent of Western Education was viewed by orthodox Hindus with a very suspicious eye. They feared that the young people were in grave danger of forgetting the best Hindu traditions, both religious and social, in the rush to embrace something new. Ramkrishna's father, though a member of a most conservative family, seems to have been a man of wide and

vision *to be* *through*
 tolerant vision, and able to conceive the idea of two
 civilizations marching alongside to one worthy goal.



By permission of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute

SIR RAMKRISHNA BHANDARKAR

And so we see the boy born into the very heart of
Hindu tradition, creating a precedent, and something
 of a scandal, by being the very first member of his
 family to learn English.

to him

He was not, however, the first Brahmin boy to be sent from the Ratnagiri High School to continue his education in Bombay at the Elphinstone Institute (later to become the Elphinstone College), which offered teaching up to a standard corresponding with Matriculation of to-day. He was preceded by two promising boys, of whose progress he heard such glowing reports that he was filled with the ambition to join them and show what he too could do if given the chance.

In 1853 it was arranged that he should leave Ratnagiri and go to Bombay, and if his mother trembled at the thought of the fifteen-day journey and the perils and temptations of the big city for her son, he did not share her fears, and was eager to be off.

On arrival in Bombay he was fortunate enough to come under the immediate teaching of Dadabhai Naoroji, who gave him instruction in mathematics. Naoroji, a man of broad and courageous views, a pioneer of Western education, and yet able to maintain his national outlook, took the greatest interest in his new student. So too did Mr. Howard, then Director of Public Instruction, to whom was due the founding of the Dakshina Fellowships at the old Poona College. To one of these Fellowships Bhandarkar was appointed in 1859.

His mathematical training under Dadabhai Naoroji was certainly instrumental in establishing that safe and balanced point of view which distinguished Ramkrishna Bhandarkar through every phase of his career. At the Poona College, however, where he went to take up his fellowship, he began to study Sanskrit under fine old pundits such as Anant Shastri Pendharkar, and although at that

time he had no idea of making it his primary study, the seeds of a deep and lasting interest were sown.

In 1859 the Bombay University came into being, and in 1862 Ramkrishna Bhandarkar and Mahadev Ranade (afterwards Mr. Justice Ranade) were the first two graduates. The examination for his B.A. degree was marked by (for him) a very disagreeable incident. When the results came out it was found that he, the brilliant pupil of Dadabhai Naoroji, holder of a Dakshina Fellowship, had failed. Bitterly disappointed, yet with that courageous honesty that was a part of his character, he prepared to offer his resignation of the Fellowship. It was then that Sir Alexander Grant, who had been one of the examiners, and remembered Bhandarkar's paper, felt that there must be some mistake. He made prompt enquiries and found that the marks of another candidate had been put against Mr. Bhandarkar's name. The mistake was set right, and to his great joy, the latter found himself in possession of his degree.

The following year he took his M.A., and was free to choose a profession. At first he thought of the law, but fortunately, before he came to a final decision, he was offered the Head Mastership of a school at Hyderabad (Sind). Before this the steady brilliance of his academic career had confirmed Mr. Howard in his early opinion of the young Maharashtra Brahmin's ability; and it was he who advised him to accept it. At the same time he urged him to continue his studies in Sanskrit, which up to that time, in spite of his College activities, he had pursued most diligently. From his boyhood he had been a prodigious worker, and it is related of him that fearing sleep might overcome him when

working, he tied his hair to the back of a chair, to frustrate any chance of a doze. He rarely took more than six hours sleep, and as rarely went out for a walk with his companions. If he did, it was to discuss matters of an intellectual, social or religious nature, for his mind was packed full of ideas on all questions of an abstract kind. When working, he became so engrossed that it was impossible to attract his attention by anything outside the matter he was engaged upon. Once when he was staying in the house of his sister, she had left her baby in his charge while she went out upon some domestic errand. For a little time he played with the child, but seeing that it seemed happy he took up his book and was soon deeply immersed in its contents. The child, perhaps feeling neglected and missing its mother, began to cry. The figure bending over the book took no notice, so it cried louder, until it was screaming so violently that all the family came rushing in to see what was the matter. Still the student took no notice, until the mother, returning and finding the room in an uproar to which the proxy nurse remained quite indifferent, managed at last by her shrill and indignant reproaches to drag him out of his absorption. Her brother, offended by what she said, promptly removed himself and his books to a more congenial dwelling place, where for hours on end he could remain undisturbed by any outside happening.

After hearing the story of the neglected baby, we might think that such an indifferent nurse was the very last person to be appointed as Headmaster of a Boys' School. We might expect that while he was pondering over some intellectual problem, his pupils could do much as they chose without attracting his

attention. But it was not so. Upon taking up his appointment at Hyderabad he very quickly showed himself to be both vigilant and efficient.

Having launched himself successfully upon a teaching career, he was gratified by being appointed in 1865 as Headmaster to his old school at Ratnagiri. It had declined since his time, but by his admirable administration he managed to save it from dissolution. During his first year there, everyone of his pupils who appeared for the matriculation examination passed, while two years in succession the Scholarship in Sanskrit was won by candidates whom he had prepared.

With praiseworthy patience and perseverance, he brought the school up to a standard of remarkable efficiency, and proved that it was possible for an Indian (the first one ever appointed as Headmaster in a Government School) to fill the position most worthily. It is true, his qualifications were very unusual, and his experience at the Poona College, where he had taught Sanskrit as well as English and Logic, was unique at that time.

In spite of his very onerous duties as Headmaster of the Ratnagiri High School, he contrived to give both time and attention to the writing of two Sanskrit text-books. When they were published these two books brought him fame, and the gratitude of every student of the language. The hopes of his good friend and counsellor, Mr. Howard, must have been more than realized. Certainly Mr. Bhandarkar himself was now able to rejoice that he had not gone in for law or joined the Revenue Department which had seemed a possibility.

At this time, in spite of all his other preoccupations, he actually found leisure to study music, of

which he was very fond. When the work of the day was over, he would amuse himself and the members of his family by chanting the epic poems of India, accompanying himself on the Tambora. For poetry he had a deep and abiding love, and it was for the purpose of reading poems in the original that he first conceived the idea of learning Sanskrit.

Once, when he was a very old man and almost blind, a lady asked him if there were any Hindu cradle songs, such as the women of the West sing to their babies to lull them to sleep.

'Long ago,' replied the venerable scholar, 'I think it was when I first began to learn Sanskrit, I came across one of such simple beauty that I think there can be none in any other language to compare with it.'

Then he sighed, as if for the loss of some exquisite possession; 'I am sorry, but I cannot remember it,' he added simply, 'but if it should come back to me I will dictate it, for I cannot see to write it down myself. In English, it would not be so beautiful, for of course, something would be missing.'

For a moment he raised his frail hand, and beat out the rhythm of the metre, a smile stealing over his rugged features. The swing of the cradle was indicated by the movement of his hand, but the actual words escaped him.

'It is so long ago,' he said, the smile fading from his face.

Perhaps it was just a memory of his childhood, and of his mother singing him to sleep with one of her Maratha songs, which blended in among others of his early days.

The years at Ratnagiri were among the happiest of his life but he was far too distinguished to be left

there. In recognition of his services to scholarship, the Bombay University appointed him as an Examiner in Sanskrit, and later as a temporary Professor in that language at the Elphinstone College.

As a Professor, Mr. Bhandarkar was very successful. His long experience in teaching, and his deep knowledge of his subject, allied to a clear and critical mind, made him an ideal lecturer. Students who attended his lectures expecting to find them dry and difficult, were fascinated by his brilliant and lucid exposition. With finished ease he displayed the hidden treasures of the texts, and brought out the beauty of the language, assuring his students of the rich reward that awaited patient study.

Instead of growing restless, his class were sorry when the hour was over. His mind was stored with the romance of the past, and like some Hindu bard, who, travelling from place to place, charmed court and camp with story and song, so the young Sanskrit Professor charmed his pupils, and carried them away from the class-room and the bustle of a work-a-day world into one from which they were sorry to return.

In addition to his gifts as a lecturer, he had the happy personal touch in dealing with the students, all of whom found in him a friend as well as a Guru. It is not surprising therefore that he gathered round him a group of devoted young men, who caught from him the desire for research in the fascinating field of Oriental literature.

From November 1867 to 1872 he was acting Professor of Oriental languages in the Elphinstone College, Bombay. In 1872 the Sanskrit chair fell vacant, and it was confidently expected by the admirers of Mr. Bhandarkar that he would be called upon to fill it.

That he was superseded by a European some ten years his junior was an unfortunate incident of injustice which deeply wounded his feelings. It was thought by some that he might retire as a protest at being passed over. But he was too broad-minded and conscientious to do this. Sinking his personal feelings, he welcomed Dr. Peterson, the new-comer and continued to work most harmoniously as the assistant of the younger man.

Some twenty years later (at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society held to place on record its sense of loss upon the death of its President, Dr. Peterson) Mr. Bhandarkar recalled the incident of the appointment.

‘Under the ordinary operation of our sinful human nature,’ he then said, ‘one would expect that distrust, suspicion and jealousy would have sprung up between us. But such feelings never for a moment took possession of his heart or mine, and a cordial friendship grew up between us. . . .’

There is a touch of greatness about this simple record of the two men, who might, had they been built upon petty lines, have become enemies.

For seven years Mr. Bhandarkar continued as Assistant to Dr. Peterson, and then was appointed to act as Professor of Sanskrit at the Deccan College, Poona, in the place of Dr. Kielborn. In 1881 the latter retired, and it looked as if there might be a repetition of the trouble over Dr. Peterson's appointment. Fortunately, it was considered unfair that a man of Mr. Bhandarkar's attainments and experience should again be passed over. This time Government acted wisely in appointing him as a full Professor of the Bombay Educational Department.

He took up his duties as Professor of Sanskrit at

the Deccan College, Poona, where he remained until 1893. In that year he retired from Government service but continued to take a very active part in University affairs. The assistance he gave in their management as a member of the Syndicate was most valuable, and to mark their deep appreciation of his services to the cause of education, Government appointed him as Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University.

So far we have followed him in his career, first as a student, and then as a teacher. We are now to learn something of his literary and social service activities.

Upon his retirement from the Educational Service, he found himself at last with sufficient leisure to devote to the main interest of his life, the study and elucidation of ancient Sanskrit texts. As early as 1864 he had published a review of Haug's *Aitareya Brahmana*, which won for him an international reputation. This was followed by numerous contributions of a scholarly and recondite nature, and some of a wider historical interest such as his *Peeps into the Early History of India*, and *Early History of the Deccan*.

In 1874 he had been invited to attend the International Congress of Orientalists which met that year in London. He was prevented by domestic affairs from accepting the invitation, but wrote a paper for the Congress which still further enhanced his reputation as a Sanskrit scholar.

In 1879 Government entrusted him with the important task of conducting a search for Sanskrit manuscripts. This was a mission for which he was perhaps more fully qualified than any other living Orientalist. He worked in concert with Dr. Bühler,

formerly a Professor of Oriental languages in the Elphinstone College, Bombay, whose services were happily available. Upon Dr. Bühler's retirement, Dr. Kielhorn, with the assistance of Mr. Bhandarkar, continued the search for manuscripts. The reports of the latter scholar upon his operations are of the greatest value to every student of Sanskrit literature. His fame as an Orientalist being now firmly established by his valuable contributions to the subject, he was honoured by the University of Göttingen, who in 1885 conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D.

The following year, Dr. Bhandarkar was selected by the Government of India to represent, on behalf of the Kathiawar Chiefs, the Presidency of Bombay at the great Congress of Orientalists, which was held in Vienna in September 1886. The Austrian Government extended the most cordial welcome to all the delegates, and public interest in the proceedings was profound. At this time, Dr. Bhandarkar was better known to fame in Europe than in his own country, but upon his return to India in 1887 fresh honours awaited him, for he was made a C.I.E. and, about the same time, nominated a Fellow of Calcutta University.

Having outlined his valuable contributions as an Orientalist, and the distinctions which followed upon them, we may now turn to a very important feature of his career and influence in India—his work as a Social Reformer.

In view of his many preoccupations of a scholastic nature, it would not have been surprising had he ignored the changes that were taking place in a section of public opinion upon matters of Hindu custom, both religious and social. From the north

of India rumours of the activities of men such as Devendranath Tagore and Keshab Chandra Sen were ruffling the peace of mind of the orthodox. That amazing woman-pilgrim and Sanskrit scholar, Pandita Ramabai, had passed on her way, leaving men's minds in a state of mingled doubt and alarm for the safety of the old beliefs. Fearless, rooted in her new convictions, passionately eager to alleviate the sufferings of the Hindu child-widow, she rallied round her banner ardent reformers, such as Mr. Justice Ranade and his devoted wife and helpmeet, that other Ramabai.

From such movements, functioning at his very door, Dr. Bhandarkar could only have held aloof, had he been of the type of scholar to whom the perplexities and sufferings of existing humanity are of no importance compared with the elucidation of an ancient inscription. Perhaps his research into the misty past had taught him that from the earliest times, the best and noblest in men responded to human demands. His spirit was 'stung broad awake,' and just as he had revived the little school at Ratnagiri, his vigorous nature now responded to every just call upon his sympathies and his time.

No charitable institution but numbered him upon its Committees or upon its list of subscribers. No laudable attempt to ameliorate distress or to adjust the grievances of any section of the community, but had his sympathy and support. Of caste prejudices he was so free that he gravely offended his conservative brethren, and his attitude towards child-marriage and the remarriage of widows brought down upon him a storm of bitter criticism.

Unlike some tepid and timid reformers of the time, he was not afraid to practise what he preached. To

demonstrate his tolerance, he dined with members of any caste or creed who appeared to him as personally worthy of his friendship. On the question of widow remarriage he took a very firm stand, even advocating the remarriage of his own widowed granddaughter,—a testimony of his sincerity which secured the respect of his severest critics. Absolutely upright and moral himself, his mind braced and trained by discipline and knowledge, he could face any controversy that his actions aroused.

He had been one of the early advocates of female education. All his own daughters were permitted to attend schools and colleges, and were sure of his interest and approval in making an effort to secure independence of thought and action.

His family life was of the most simple and charming description. He was always willing to entertain friends and receive visitors. No public function of a dignified nature found him absent, and the social life of Poona, especially as represented in gatherings of East and West, was rendered more pleasant by the ease with which he mingled with Indian and European friends. Sometimes when a little difficulty of language arose making social intercourse awkward, the arrival of Dr. Bhandarkar was hailed like a sail by ship-wrecked mariners. Greeting the European and the Indian with equal facility he would thus manage to draw both together into a comfortable conversation, acting as interpreter, and making them intelligible to each other. This gift was of great value at a time when a very sincere effort was being made to promote social intercourse between the cultured classes of East and West.

As his age increased and his sight failed, it might have been expected that he would have retired upon

his laurels, but he realized the value of his experience in a group made up of men and women experimenting in social relationships. He himself was as comfortable in the company of an English General as in that of an Indian Prince or a Sanskrit scholar. He was also, all praise to him, invariably benign to the sad, the poor and the afflicted.

Ripeness of *understanding*, judgement, and experience Dr. Bhandarkar possessed in full measure. Everyone who knew him well respected him, and many loved him. Like his mind, his habits were sane and orderly. As blindness overtook him, he relied more and more upon his family, dictating to one or other the pages of his final works, in which no trace of failing powers of intellect can be found.

In the garden of his Poona house 'Sangamashram', near the junction of the two rivers, the Muta and the Mula, he would sit tranquilly, made happy by the companionship of his children or grand-children. When the heat of the day was passed, his carriage of an old-fashioned type, drawn by a horse of irreproachable steadiness would be brought round, and he would proceed upon his evening drive. Sometimes he would *choose to be taken to the Bund Gardens*, where, although he could not see them, the scent of the flowers and the plash of the water over the Bund would connect him with a world of ever-increasing darkness. At other times he would dismount from the carriage, leaning upon the arm of his son or some other devoted companion, his thick and trusty stick tapping the treacherous distance between pavement and road. Thus he would walk very slowly across the Bund Bridge, until he came to the place where one can look straight up the wide *expanse of water to the rugged range*

of the Western Ghats. He could see little now except in his mind's eye, which was busy with pictures of the past.

Day after day he had crossed the river on his way to his work at the Deccan College. Day after day he had returned as the sun was setting behind the distant peak of Torna fort. He had looked upon the scene long before the puff and shriek of the engines told of the railway hidden away behind the groves of mango trees. It did not take fifteen days to reach Ratnagiri now. The trains rushed along, making nothing of the journey, but gone were the joys of leisurely road travel, gone the aspirations of the young heart. The world had opened out wonderfully for him; it was growing dark, but he was not afraid. His work was done, such grand and noble work for India. Ill-health, blindness, increasing infirmity of body, could not dim or spoil the splendour of a life well-spent. Rested, he continued his walk until the bridge was crossed, and two roads met. He knew that the one to the right led under the pleasant trees to Koregaon. There was a little temple there, where the devout might enter and come away refreshed by a contact with holy things. To the left the road passed the Deccan College, under the great rock upon the side of which another temple looked out over the whole of Poona city and far beyond to the distant hills. This was his favourite way, the one he took the oftenest. Upon it he would often be saluted by a fresh generation of students returning from their lectures, or a friend driving by would stop and get down from his carriage to greet the revered Guru.

As the light failed, the return home would be made, brightened by many a respectful greeting

upon the road. And so the evening of his days drew to a close, uneventful except for one great and important happening—the founding of the Bhandarkar Institute.

In 1911 the K.C.I.E. had been bestowed upon Dr. Bhandarkar, an honour richly deserved by one who had brought lustre upon a Government Service and used his wide culture for the benefit of students of all castes and creeds. He was by this time considered to be the greatest Sanskrit scholar of his day and it was felt by his disciples and admirers that his researches in the cause of learning should receive some permanent commemoration.

The movement received immediate and enthusiastic support, as well as some munificent donations. Foremost among these were the contributions of Sir Dorab and Sir Ratan Tata, whose generous help could always be counted upon for any noble cause.

All the leading families of culture in the Presidency gave their names to the proposal, which also received the sympathetic assistance of Government. As soon as sufficient support had been assured to justify the formation of a definite scheme, it was decided to found an Oriental Institute to be called after the distinguished *śārvānt* who had done so much to encourage Sanskrit learning.

Thus, on the 6th of July, 1917, the eightieth birthday of Sir Ramkrishna, the Bhandarkar Institute was formally inaugurated by His Excellency, Lord Willingdon, then Governor of Bombay, and the first President of the Institute.

The aims of the Institute were as follows: to commemorate and continue Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar's work by arranging for and publishing

critical editions of texts connected with Oriental learning; to provide an Oriental library; and last but not least, to train students in modern methods of research.

The foundation of the Institute was no empty gesture towards the venerable scholar, for circumstances arose soon after the inauguration which tended to expand and enlarge the scope of its activities.

In 1919 the organizers of the Bhandarkar Institute decided to attempt an All-India Conference of Oriental Scholars, and Sir R. G. Bhandarkar was elected as its President. Unfortunately, his state of health would not permit of his being present on the occasion of the Congress, so his presidential address was read by Professor V. K. Rajwade. The address itself contained matter that, if unexpected, was none the less valuable, if only as a warning to those young and impetuous scholars, who on insufficient knowledge form conclusions unsupported by the wider experience of older men.

To an Orientalist of Sir Ramkrishna's wide and varied experience, there was nothing more distressing than rash conclusions. Dogmatism based upon insufficient knowledge annoyed him beyond everything, and he had no sympathy with those lightning flashes of supposition which in some unsteady types of mind take the place of genuine and patient research. His address also contained a warning to those who, inspired by purely patriotic enthusiasm, are prone to discount or neglect methods pursued by the learned men of the West.

'Between the Western and Indian scholars a spirit of co-operation should prevail,' says this great Indian. 'We have but one common object, the discovery of

the truth. Both, however, have prepossessions and even prejudices, and the same evidence may lead to their arriving at different conclusions. Often, however, when controversies are carried on, the truth comes out prominently, and there is a general acquiescence when it does so. To express the same idea in other words, the angle of vision, if I may use the expression that has become hackneyed, may be and is different. The Indian's tendency may be towards rejecting foreign influence on the development of his country's civilization and to claim high antiquity for some of the occurrences in its history. On the other hand, the European scholar's tendency is to trace Greek, Roman or Christian influence at work in the evolution of new points and to modernize the Indian historical and literary events. It is on this account there has been no consensus of opinion as to the approximate period when the most ancient portion of the hymns of the *Rig Veda* was composed. Some refuse to assign it a higher antiquity than fifteen centuries before Christ, while others carry it far to the beginning of Kali Yuga, i.e., to about 3101 B.C. A scholar may have conceived a prejudice against the Indian race and may look down upon the Vedic Rishis. Thus our critical method is unfortunately too often vitiated by extraneous influences. But this, probably, is due to human weakness. A critical scholar should consider his function to be just like that of a judge in a law court; but even there human weakness operates, and renders a number of appeals necessary, so that just as one judge differs from another, so does one scholar from another.'

The passage is worth quoting in full for its wisdom and tolerance and because it was written by

a man over eighty years of age, yet with a mind still clear and steady.

It could scarcely be expected that a person of such a progressive type could go through life without making some enemies. Of personal ones it seems that Sir Ramkrishna had none, but some of his views raised the ire of stormy petrels such as Mr. Tilak, who, angered at his compatriot's judicial attitude towards Western influences in India, managed to disturb even the calm soul of the sage. As one unfair and spiteful criticism after another was published about him, he felt bound to reply, though his instinct was to maintain a dignified silence. It is certain that Mr. Tilak could never either understand or appreciate the high ideals Sir Ramkrishna cherished for India, and it is probable that the lofty indifference of the latter irritated the lesser man. Perhaps, in spite of much provocation, the harshest thing Sir Ramkrishna ever said about his detractor was 'He has treated me with studied discourtesy.'

What a rebuff for a man who had published one malicious criticism after another in the paper of which he was the Editor!

Sir Ramkrishna was indeed a master of the 'retort courteous,' than which nothing is more humiliating to one who does not possess the art himself.

In spite of this one-sided feud, Mr. Tilak cherished a rough respect for Sir Ramkrishna. Although there was a whole world of difference between their ideals, their training and their views upon questions of national importance, yet the grim visage of the party politician would relax into a smile of almost playful good humour after some verbal hattle with his lofty opponent; with a last, pointed thrust he

would take his departure, no doubt to plan some fresh attack in print upon the learned Doctor.

Through the difficult years, when all India was rendered restless and unhappy by political strife, Sir Ramkrishna showed no shadow of change either towards Government or his policy of co-operation. True, he was old and above the battle, but it is significant of his perceptions that when Mr. M. K. Gandhi put the question of Indian grievances in South Africa before him, Sir Ramkrishna most readily lent his sympathy and support. Mr. Gandhi describes the meeting in his own words as follows—

‘Dr. Bhandarkar received me with the warmth of a father. It was noon when I called on him. The very fact that I was busy seeing people at that hour appealed greatly to this indefatigable savant, and my insistence on a non-party man for the President of the meeting had his ready approval which was expressed in the spontaneous exclamation, “That’s it, That’s it.”

‘After he had heard me out he said: “Any one will tell you that I do not take part in politics. But I cannot refuse you. Your case is so strong and your industry so admirable, that I cannot decline to take part in your meeting. You did well in consulting Tilak and Gokhale. Please tell them, that I shall be glad to preside over the meeting to be held under the joint auspices of the two Sabhas. You need not have the time of meeting from me. Any time that suits them will suit me.” With this he bade me good-bye with congratulations and blessings.’

Sir Ramkrishna would never have congratulated or blessed the young reformer had he not been convinced of his high ideals, and that he was a

lover of his country and no mere opportunist greedy for power. On the other hand, when Pandita Ramabai (whose cause he had formerly warmly supported) used her position at the Bombay Sarada Sadan to institute Christian teaching, he withdrew from the undertaking. He was above all things a most devout and sincere Hindu.

His principles were incorruptible. No consideration of place or power could cause him to surrender them. He was uniformly consistent, and made up his mind slowly and carefully upon the problems with which his country was faced. He made his views for their better solution perfectly clear, and through storm and stress remained faithful to his convictions.

It has been said that he was 'unique'. It is not too much to claim for one who distinguished himself on so many sides of character and intellect alike.

If it seemed a poor reward for a well-spent life, that ill-health and almost complete blindness should mar the evening of Sir Ramkrishna's days, he, himself, made no complaint. He had put a tremendous strain upon his eyesight when poring for hours over the Sanskrit texts, both in books and manuscripts. No consideration of bodily or mental fatigue was ever allowed to stand in the way of his work, and when he reaped the consequences of this disregard of self he accepted them with calm resignation. If his body no longer consented to keep pace with his still active mind, it was scarcely to be wondered at, for he had driven it beyond the powers of most men's physical endurance. It had been forced to serve his mind, and when it could offer nothing more of activity, the mind went on alone.

To those who last saw Sir Ramkrishna in public, the pathetic dignity of his appearance will never be forgotten. A large assembly waited for him, quite patiently and sympathetically. When he was led in between the groups of friends old and new, some of whom pressed forward to greet the great scholar with affection and respect, a hush fell upon everyone present.

Very slowly, amid a silence which was in itself a token of the esteem in which he was held, he was guided to the place of honour. Sinking down in the seat kept vacant for him, he clasped his thin hands over that trusty friend, his stick. Then, as if conscious of a hush in some way connected with his entry, he made a remark to the distinguished lady who sat next to him. The tension was broken by bursts of eager conversation, as he had meant it should be, when he realized that the silence was caused by concern for him. He had none for himself; his sun was setting after life's day, that was all. He had seen so much, he could well afford to see no more. He was weary too, in body if not in spirit. His great and dear friends had nearly all passed away, the noble Gokhale, the frank honest Ranade and others nearer still by ties of blood or affection. Even his old tormentor Tilak had not waited for a final jibe. He was like the last leaf left on the tree.

He died on August 24th, 1925, leaving the whole of his splendid library to the Bhandarkar Institute, with the hope that it would bring within the reach of the student in Sanskrit many volumes otherwise almost inaccessible.

The funeral was attended by perhaps the biggest gathering of cultured Indians ever assembled

together, while messages of condolence poured in upon the deceased scholar's family from all over the world. His death made a great gap in the ranks of Orientalists, but he had done his work and died with the same equanimity as he had lived. In Poona, where he was such a well-known and beloved figure, he is still mourned by many, as representing the very finest tradition of Hindu intellect and character.

SRINIVASA RAMANUJAN

SRINIVASA RAMANUJAN, one of the greatest mathematical geniuses the world has ever seen, was born at Erode, in Coimbatore, Southern India, on December 22nd, 1887. His father, a member of a Brahmin family settled in the district of Tanjore, worked as accountant to a cloth merchant; his mother was the daughter of an official employed in the Munsiff's court at Erode, and as far as one can see there was nothing especially remarkable about Ramanujan's ancestry to account for his extraordinary natural gift.

For some time after their marriage his parents remained without children, and this was a great grief, not only to them, but to his maternal grandfather, who himself besought the goddess Namagiri to bless his daughter with offspring. His act of faith was speedily rewarded, and very soon he was able to receive his daughter into his house for the birth of her first child and son.

Thus Ramanujan may be said to have been under the direct patronage of the family deity from his earliest moments, though for the first ten years of his life he did not give any surprising indication of his latent talent. Like any ordinary boy he was sent to the little vernacular school when he was five years old, and two years later entered the High School at Kumbakonam, where in 1897 he came out top of the successful candidates of the Tanjore district who had competed in the Primary Examination. He was, through this distinction,

enabled to continue at the High School on half-fees, a concession which came as a boon to his parents, now struggling to maintain an ever-increasing family on a very small income.

From his childhood Ramanujan was of a quiet and dreamy temperament. When he became famous, people remembered that he had been wont to ask questions about the distances of the stars, but there was nothing to excite remark in that. Most children are interested in the wonders of the sky, and will from time to time try to solve the riddle of the sparkling heavens. But in time his classmates discovered that this reserved and meditative boy had the answer to many things that puzzled them, and they would follow him home to question him; but as he knew that his parents did not care for him to go out in the streets, he would sit at his little window, a group of schoolboys in the street below. From there he would talk to them, not as most boys talk, for he sat, almost as a schoolmaster might sit, solving their problems for them, and straightening out their difficulties, so that the next day they might be able to answer the questions put to them in class, where he himself held a high place.

If a boy wanted the right answer to a sum he would say, 'Let us run round to the house of Ramanujan; he will do it out of his head; figures do not worry him; no calculation is too difficult for Ramanujan.' They had not the least idea how it was that he was so far ahead of them; he did not seem to study more than they did; but things which were all dark and muddled to them were as clear as daylight to him. All they saw was that he had a gift beyond anything they possessed, and that with a generosity which all through his wonderful career



SREINIVASA RAMANUJAN

was a most lovable feature of his character, he used this gift freely, to help them.

At this time his passion for mathematics was sufficiently in abeyance to allow of his studies in other subjects to go forward in a normal manner, but his gift was working in him like a charm, and by the time he was in the second standard his curiosity upon the subject of the 'Highest Truth' in mathematics was thoroughly aroused and he asked his friends in higher classes many searching questions, to which he received conflicting answers. Some held that the Theorem of Pythagoras was the highest truth; others quoted 'Stocks and Shares'; Ramanujan weighed their various answers, and, young as he was, formed his theories. Later, when moved into the third standard he stood up during a lesson in elementary mathematics and asked for information of such an advanced nature that from that time he became a source of wonder not unmixed with awe to the boys with whom he was placed. Teachers are rarely surprised at anything, or if they are, do not show it, and a general excellence in all subjects is generally more pleasing to them in their pupils than a remarkable aptitude in one, which may impede steady progress all round. This it did in Ramanujan's case. No sooner did he realize his own powers in the direction of higher mathematics than everything else began to lose interest for him and time spent in other study seemed wasted to him.

While in the fourth standard he took up Trigonometry, borrowing an advanced work on the subject from a neighbour, a student in the B.A. class, who was amazed to find that this young boy could solve with ease the most difficult problems in the book. Ramanujan was now lost to all other ideas outside

the pursuit of the 'highest truth'. He obtained Euler's *Theorems*, and proved them, keeping the paper with the results hidden away in the roof of his house. But so far he was only on the threshold of an enchanted world. A friend lent him a copy of Carr's '*Synopsis of Pure Mathematics*' which had been obtained from the library of the local Government College. This book was as the key which opens the door, and thenceforward the poor Brahmin boy walked like a prince in the garden of delights. He felt as if he had been asleep and was now awake. The days were all too short to work at the solution of the glorious problems which the *Synopsis* offered him. He had no other books to aid him. Each solution had to be separately tackled, but how he enjoyed what to most youths of his age would have been drudgery of a very grievous kind! To him each solution was a triumph which nerved and encouraged him to fresh endeavour. As problem after problem presented itself and in its turn was solved by his unerring brain, he used to say that the goddess Namagiri who had so graciously presided over his birth, was his inspiration. He asserted that she came to him in his dreams with the answers he required. It is a fact that he used to get up from sleep and rush to put down results, then verify them to his own intense satisfaction, although he was not always able to prove his theories. Of these dream-problems and solutions he kept a record in a note book which he was afterwards able to show to other mathematicians, no doubt to their intense astonishment. *He was absorbed in his work.*

In spite of this absorption, he matriculated in the University of Madras in December 1903 and joined the Junior First Arts class of the Government

College of Kumbakonam. He must have shown some aptitude outside his beloved problems, for he won the Subramanyam Scholarship, usually awarded for proficiency in English as well as Mathematics. But the passion for the latter was gaining on him, and he began to neglect everything to increase his knowledge of it. No matter whether the lecture hour was devoted to English, History, or Mathematics, it was all one to Ramanujan; the English and History lectures fell upon deaf ears, and he only heard those on Mathematics; and even then he was ahead of the material, his brain ranging among problems that would have seemed weighty to the lecturer. It may be imagined that he made scant progress in the other subjects, and indeed he failed to gain promotion to the senior class, thereby losing his scholarship. This was a calamity of which he had never dreamed. He had no money, no means of earning any, no books, no influence, but all he thought of was the blow to the further prosecution of his mathematical studies. He had gone almost as far as he could unaided; there was nothing left to live for if he could not seek for the 'Highest Truth'. It was not to be found in the streets of Kumbakonam, nor yet in his little room under the roof at home. The doors of the College were closed to him, and all because the study of English and History seemed almost frivolous to him, with so many problems still unsolved. All he asked was enough food to keep him alive and freedom to work towards the solutions which he felt sure would unfold themselves to the favoured devotee of the great goddess. But no help came to him from outside, so he ran away from the scene of his defeat, ran away northwards at the suggestion of a friend, to the Telugu country.

Nothing came of this adventure, and he began to think more kindly of the lectures at the College. He even made up his mind to put up with the English and the History if only he could get back to the College. So he returned to Kumbakonam after some vague and profitless wanderings and he re-entered. But either he was ill, or had fallen into desultory habits, for he failed to make the required number of attendances and was forced to leave without a certificate. He was now eighteen, without any prospects, or any definite plans. He had probably the finest mathematical brain in India at that time, but he was without means of proving it, and in any case he had a long way to go before he could take his place as an accredited mathematician. With some idea of getting a degree he joined the Pachaiyappa's College, Madras, but misfortune dogged his footsteps. He fell ill, and had to return home. We do not hear what reception he met at the hands of his long-suffering parents. Perhaps the industrious father put in overtime at the shop of the cloth merchant, or the ever-loving mother forgot her disappointment in the return of the son who somehow or other was different from all the rest of the family. Perhaps the old grandfather made another pilgrimage to the shrine of the family goddess. At any rate, Ramanujan went home and worked away, not unhappily, at his precious notebooks, though conscious that he was sadly hampered, for want of books to light him to further truths.

⁴ In the summer of 1909 he married. The need to earn a living was now imperative. Without a degree or family influence, a scholastic post of any kind was almost out of his reach, and he had no aptitude for any other mode of getting money. He had nothing

in the world but his notebooks. So he set off to Tirukoilur, a small town in the South Arcot district, the Deputy Collector of which was at that time Mr. V. Ramaswami Aiyar, M.A., the founder of the Indian Mathematical Society. To him, armed with his notebook went poor Ramanujan. Clutching tightly the precious talisman, he asked for a small post in the municipal office; then, in response to something kindly and interested in the personality of the hoped-for patron, he shyly showed him the notebook. The result was as unexpected as it was delightful. Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar, deeply impressed by the brilliant gifts of the shabby awkward young student, would hear nothing about small posts in an office. Ramanujan must go to Madras, he would give him a letter of introduction to Seshu Aiyar, who knew Ramanujan, when he himself was a mathematical lecturer at Kumbakonam. Ramanujan set off overjoyed by this unexpected support, and by the influence of Mr. Seshu Aiyar obtained an acting post in the office of the Accountant-General at Madras. When this came to an end he cast about for fresh means of support and was able to get some private tuition which just kept his head above water. Seeing his difficulties, his good friend Mr. Seshu Aiyar again came to the rescue, this time by sending him with a letter of introduction to Diwan Bahadur Ramachandra Rao, who was then the Collector of Nellore.

Ramanujan accomplished the eighty miles from Madras to Nellore as quickly as possible and made haste to deliver the letter of introduction which he carried. He was received by the Diwan's nephew, who was much puzzled by the appearance of Ramanujan, dusty, earnest, with something of a shy boy

still hanging about him. So the nephew burst into the presence of the Collector with 'I say uncle, I have a strange visitor who talks of nothing but mathematics; I cannot understand him. I wish you would see him and find out if there is anything in what he says.'

The Diwan, who was something of a mathematician himself, consented to receive Ramanujan. A rather sorry figure, unshaved, and not very clean, walked in, his frayed notebook under his arm, his one remarkable feature, the shining eyes of the genius, compelling the attention of the dignified Collector. By a series of tactful questions the whole pitiful business was brought to light, of a life in danger of being completely wasted for lack of suitable opportunities to pursue a great and burning ambition. He had run away from Kumbakonam to find an opportunity to increase his knowledge. He wanted nothing but spare time, and such food as would keep body and soul together, to work out the problems which filled his mind from morning until night, and his dreams when he slept.

Finding the Diwan so kind, so interested, he opened his book and burst into explanation of its contents. It was at once obvious to his listener that here was something quite out of the way, something far beyond a student, indeed a rare genius, one deserving of all the help that could be given. The Diwan, seeing at once that Ramanujan could not obtain the training he needed in Nellore, with great generosity offered to send him back to Madras and to pay his expenses there until he could support himself.

Ramanujan, cheered and encouraged by such a disinterested mark of goodness, worked hard in Madras to deserve the help of his new friend. But

his was not the type of mind that shows up well in examinations. He had one great and absorbing gift, it used up every bit of him, and he failed to get the scholarship upon which he could have lived. Unwilling to be a further charge upon the good Diwan, he took an appointment in the office of the Madras Port Trust, his salary being Rs. 30 a month. Every moment of his spare time he devoted to mathematics, and at this time published a long article in the *Journal of the Indian Mathematical Society*.

Diwan Bahadur Ramachandra Rao continued to watch the progress of his extraordinary protégé with the deepest interest and was able to induce various people of influence, including Sir Francis Spring, the Chairman of the Madras Port Trust, to do what they could to forward Ramanujan's ambitions. By a lucky chance the manager of the Port Trust office, Mr. S. Narayana Aiyar, M.A., was a keen student of mathematics and worked with the humble clerk; like all others he had been amazed at Ramanujan's unique talent, and like others of the generous hand who leagued together to foster it, did all he could to help him. At this time, at the suggestion of his friends, Ramanujan entered into a correspondence with Mr. (now Professor) G. H. Hardy, then Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the foremost mathematicians in the world.

In his first letter he wrote, 'I have had no University education but I have undergone the ordinary school course;' he then requested Professor Hardy to look over his papers, with the idea of using his assistance to get them published. He enclosed a 'finding' on a mathematical problem, as well as enunciations of over a hundred mathematical theorems.

Professor Hardy at once displayed his interest in this Indian genius, by writing to the Secretary for Indian Students in London asking if help could be obtained through his organization to send Ramanujan to Cambridge. The Secretary referred the question to the Students' Advisory Committee at Madras, who got into touch with Ramanujan and asked him whether he would proceed to England for the furtherance of his studies.

But Ramanujan's religious scruples and caste rules proved at this time an insuperable barrier to his crossing the sea. Even the glorious chance of working at Cambridge did not prove a sufficient inducement to this simple Hindu youth, to set aside those principles which were inherited from generations of pious ancestors. The most that the Secretary of the Advisory Committee could then do was to obtain for Ramanujan, through the University of Madras, a special scholarship of Rs. 75 per month, which being tenable for two years freed him, during that time, to work at Mathematics.

His decision must have come as a disappointment to Professor Hardy, but he continued to write to him urging the advantages of study at Cambridge. At this time another Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. E. H. Neville, was appointed to deliver a course of lectures at Madras, and Professor Hardy asked him to seek out Ramanujan and see what he could do to persuade him to go to England. His Indian friends added their persuasions to those of Mr. Neville, and Ramanujan began to think that it would be the chance of a lifetime to work at Cambridge, and actually to desire it very keenly. It was admirable of him to put this desire on one

side when he could not gain his mother's consent to the journey.

There seemed nothing to be done but plod on in Madras, and this was what Ramanujan decided to do until almost a miracle happened, which in a night altered everything for him. His mother had a dream in which she saw her son seated in a great hall, surrounded by Europeans. Then to her came the goddess Namagiri, who bade her forthwith withdraw her opposition to her son's journey to Europe, and stand no longer in the way of the fulfilment of his life's purpose.

Family prejudice removed, Ramanujan's friends redoubled their efforts on his behalf. To Cambridge he must go. Together Mr. Neville and another English friend went off to the authorities of the Madras University and were so eloquent in their praises of Ramanujan's abilities, that a scholarship of £250 a year, with a free passage and outfit was awarded him. Wealth indeed, unthought of, undreamed of, and, beyond all, the chance to work unhampered by petty worries or claims. But before he sailed on March 17th, 1914, that fateful year to the whole world as well as to him, he thought of his mother whom he loved and who was poor, and stipulated that out of his wonderful new fortune, a part should be sent to her at Kumbakonam. Assured that all was well with her, he made his simple preparations, and set off across the unknown sea to an unknown land.

He reached Cambridge in April and was admitted into Trinity College to find that his scholarship was to be supplemented by an exhibition of £60. To Ramanujan, who on thirty rupees a month had managed to pursue his mathematical researches as

well as do his work as a clerk in the Port Trust office, his circumstances at Cambridge must have seemed splendid, and the advantage of working under teachers such as Mr. Hardy and Mr. Littlewood, beyond count. Then came the Great War, and everything was disorganized. Mr. Hardy in a letter to the Registrar of the Madras University, wrote as follows:—‘Ramanujan has been much handicapped by the War. Mr. Littlewood, who would naturally have shared his teaching with me, has been away, and one teacher is not enough for so ^{fertile} a pupil. He is beyond question the best Indian mathematician of modern times . . . of his extraordinary gifts there can be no question; in some ways he is the most remarkable mathematician I have ever known.’ High praise this from an authority of the writer’s standing.

Alas! a letter followed saying that the sad suspicion was formed that Ramanujan was seriously ill. It was unhappily true: a constitutional weakness, increased by overwork and early privations, had developed into an incurable disease. Learning something of the fate which menaced him, Ramanujan longed passionately to return to India, to his home where his mother, awaiting eagerly news of fresh triumphs, must soon be told of fresh anxieties.

7 This was the time when to take a voyage to India was to risk being submarined. Two mail boats had been sunk, many others had been chased and attempts made to torpedo them. ^{to destroy by means of} It was decided that Ramanujan should remain in England. Entering a nursing home in Cambridge, he went from there to Wells, to Matlock, and to London in search of a cure, and in 1918 at last seemed to improve. He

at once drew upon his feeble stock of strength and worked to such purpose that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, the first Indian to obtain this honour. In spite of wretched health, he now did some really beautiful work, which resulted in his being elected as a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge on October 13th, 1918, with a Prize Fellowship of £250 a year, awarded unconditionally for a period of six years.

Six years in which to work! Six years in which to prove his theories! It seemed that at last Ramanujan had won through. Mr. Hardy, in writing to announce Ramanujan's election to the Fellowship at Cambridge, urged the authorities of the Madras University to recognize in him 'the treasure he is', and they were quick to do so. An allowance of £250 a year was made him from the University for five years dating from April 1st, 1919, with an extra grant for any expenses that might be incurred during the five years.

With the double security of the two Universities, Ramanujan had now a very substantial prospect of winning the highest prizes open to one of his profession. It looked as if he might win for himself and the India of his birth unexampled honours. He was full of hopes, his health improved, the war was over. One may imagine that his mother offered up her joyful thanks at the shrine of the family deity, who had presided over Ramanujan's birth and so plainly shown her desire that he should follow his natural bent.

But the improvement in health was only temporary, perhaps a mere expression of an inward joy. The English winter was bad for Ramanujan, and he worked too hard. Soon he was very ill, and

once more yearned to go home. He made the passage with difficulty, growing weaker and weaker until upon his reaching India a relative who met him scarcely recognized him. He grew worse, and all who loved him and had held such high hopes of him were filled with dismay. It seemed so hard that just as everything was within his reach his life should go out. For three weary months he battled on in Madras, and then went to Kodumudi, a village not far from the place where he was born. There he was supposed to undergo treatment, but he was a difficult patient, resenting any mode of life that interfered with his beloved work.

He remained at Kodumudi for two months, and then was persuaded by his friends to return to Madras. And how good those friends were! One, Mr. Srinivasa Aiyangar made himself responsible for Ramanujan's expenses. Another, Rao Bahadur Numbermal Chetty, lent him a house, while Members of the Madras Syndicate also contributed towards the support of the gifted young man.

It was of no use. Ramanujan was dying. He himself knew it, and with resigned calm observed the approach of the end. He had nothing to fear. All his life he had been deeply religious, and it was his greatest pleasure to read the *Puranas*, as well as the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. His visit to, and his studies in England had had no effect upon his deeply-rooted Hinduism. His special veneration was reserved for the family goddess, to whom he felt he owed all the good that life had brought him, and to whom he attributed none of the ills. He delighted to discourse with pundits on the subject of religion, and his belief in the Supreme Being was unshaken even by the knowledge that death would soon claim

him and that he would never live to see the fruits of his marvellous intellect. His charming nature, unspoiled by praise, unwarped by ill-health, continued to the last, and his love and respect for his parents was demonstrated all through his short life. When he was at his very poorest, he sent them what small aid he could, and when he wrote to accept the generous help of the Madras University he requested that £50 a year might be paid to his parents. In the same letter he asked that some of his grant might be set aside to help in the education of poor boys and to buy books for schools. He had suffered so much himself from lack of books that he had this matter very much on his mind. With touching unselfishness he pointed out that he would not want much for himself, and with a beautiful humility apologised that his ill-health had so much interfered with his work that he feared it had not been very fruitful. With characteristic hopefulness he concluded that he would soon be able to do more and deserve all the help that had been given him.

His nature was very gentle and grateful, and he never traded upon his unique gifts. He seemed to consider his extraordinary aptitude as something lent him to develop and train, and that his mission in life was not to attain personal honours, wealth, or even a moderate competence. In a letter to Mr. Hardy he wrote 'To preserve my brains I want food and this is my first consideration—' Just food so that he might work, because if he was very hungry he felt that he could not concentrate on the problems that his brain presented to him. His goal was to discover 'the Highest Truth'. Outside mathematics he was just a simple God-fearing Indian boy, with a deep love of and veneration for

the best traditions of Indian life. He might have spent the money allotted him upon himself, but he wished for only enough to keep body and soul together; the rest was for his parents and to help poor boys.

Those who knew him remarked upon the wonderful expression in his large, dark eyes, his powerful forehead and his look of absorbed concentration. Towards the end he became painfully thin, and weak, but his courage never wavered, and he continued to work with cheerful sanity, realizing that with so little time he must waste none. His attitude towards the frustration of his earthly hopes was one of complete resignation. Of death he had no fear and when it came he tackled its problem as bravely as he had the myriads of others during his life of problems.

He died at Chetput near Madras, on April 26th, 1920, before he had reached the age of thirty-three.

His papers have been collected and published by the Cambridge University Press, with an introduction by Professor Hardy. In his appreciation of Ramanujan's genius, his old tutor bears witness to his patience, his wonderful memory, and his astounding powers of calculation. Handicapped though he was by lack of early training, he dreamt of problems such as those which it had taken the finest mathematicians of Europe a hundred years to solve, and of others of which the solution is incomplete to this present day. Though he was still young in a science which presents such problems to the wisdom of the ages, who shall prove that Ramanujan had failed to find 'the Highest Truth'?

M. K. GANDHI

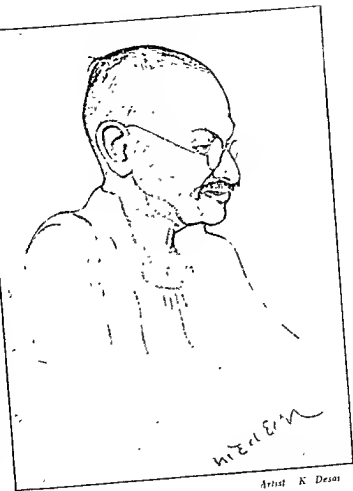
'Growth in magnanimity is the only true advancement in life.'

RUSKIN

'MAHATMA,' the name which the people of India have given to M. K. Gandhi, literally means 'the great Soul,' and to all who are familiar with the history of his struggle the title will seem well deserved. (For whatever the effects of his propaganda may have been, at times certainly very different from what he intended, he has, through the storm and stress of his fight for Swaraj, shown himself a man of rare moral courage.) Ordinary appellations do not seem to suit him anymore than the ordinary standards of life and conduct suit him. About him there is something different even from other idealists. Only India could have produced him.)

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born on October 2nd, 1869, at Porbandar, where his father, Kaka Gandhi, acted as Prime Minister or Diwan, and was a member of the Rajasthani Court, now extinct.

The Gandhis belonged to the Bania caste and seem to have been as a family possessed of rare spirit and courage. The paternal grandfather being forced by state intrigues to leave Porbandar, fled to Junagadh. There, when coming into the presence of the Nawab, he saluted with the left hand. On being asked to explain his lack of courtesy he said simply, 'The right hand is already pledged to Porbandar!'



By permission

M. K. GANDHI

Artist K. Desai

Kaba Gandhi too was a man who would willingly have died for his principles, and his son speaks of him as 'truthful, brave and generous, but short-tempered.' (He had little or no regular education, but experience trained him, and character did the rest.) He was married four times and his fourth wife was the mother of the Mahatma.

Of his mother, her famous son speaks with tender and reverent affection. To him she seemed like a saint, and she certainly seems to have had some very saintly attributes. (Her piety, the hard vows she took and kept and her beautiful orderly life, made the deepest impression upon her children.) Once during *Chaturmas* she took a vow not to break her fast until the sun shone. It was the middle of the rainy season, and her anxious, devoted children would stand for hours staring at the sky, waiting for a gleam of sunshine. And if it came, they would rush in a body to tell her, begging her to be quick, for if she did not see the sun she would not be able to eat that day. And, if as sometimes happened, when she had hastened out to see the sun, but was too late because it was again hidden by clouds, she would say cheerfully, 'That does not matter, God does not wish me to eat to-day.' (Born of these two resolute people, it is not remarkable that Mr. Gandhi came into the world endowed with strong moral fibre.)

The first seven years of his life were spent at Porbandar, where he attended a school, of which the difficulties of the multiplication table are his only memory. Then he went with the family to Rajkot, where his father became a member of the Rajasthanik Court. Here, Mohandas attended a primary school, which also seems to have made very

little impression upon his mind. (He admits with modest regret that he could only have possessed mediocre abilities even when he went on to the High School, but he qualifies the regret by stating that he does not remember ever having told a lie.)

Of a shy and sensitive disposition, he made no friends, his books and lessons being his only companions. He would arrive at the school upon the stroke of the hour, and directly lessons were over run back home as fast as he had come. This he says he did because he was afraid someone would speak to him or make fun of him. Such sensibility in the young boy had other results besides an awkward avoidance of his school-fellows.) He did not at this time care much for reading, but one day he came across a book belonging to his father. It was a copy of the Shravana Pitribhakti Nataka (a play about Shravana's devotion to his parents). The boy read it with deep interest, which was intensified by the arrival one day of some showmen, who actually had a picture of the devoted Shravana carrying, by means of slings fitted to his shoulders, his blind parents on a pilgrimage.

On the impressionable boy, the book and the picture had the effect of making him yearn to be like Shrayana and in his turn to show some special act of filial piety. Later on he saw a play, which also had a deep moral meaning, and which in its turn left him longing to follow the example of the hero. He says that these two incidents have left a lasting impression upon his mind, and although the characters of the book, picture and play must have been largely imaginary, still they none the less remained to him living realities. (And so we see M. K. Gandhi at the age of twelve, already reaching

out towards ideals of selflessness—reaching out towards Ahimsa—though at that time the desire seemed but the sensibility of a lonely, shy boy.

Following the custom of his race, he was married at the age of thirteen to a little girl of the same age called Kasturhai. Some six years earlier, when he was still living at Porbandar, he had been betrothed to her. Now, as his elder brother and cousin were also going to be married, the elders decided to make one ceremony of it, and so the whole family set off from Rajkot to Porbandar. It was a distance of 120 miles, and they travelled by bullock-cart, all except the Diwan. He, unable to get such long leave of absence, went more grandly by the order of the Thakore Saheb, for he performed the journey by stage coach, more grandly, but not more safely, for when he was upon the third stage of his journey the coach toppled over, and the Diwan being thrown out arrived at his destination enveloped in bandages. However, with his customary resolution he insisted upon taking part in all the ceremonies attendant upon the triple wedding. In spite of his concern over his father's mishap, the youngest bridegroom of the three enjoyed every moment of the festivities—the fine clothes he was made to wear, the beating of drums, the processions, and all the rare and rich foods of the bridal feasts—and then, in his own simple words, 'a strange girl to play with.' For to this boy, hitherto so alone in a world of his own, so cut off by his shyness and reserve, the idea of a playfellow was very sweet. (As she was a girl, and so bound to look up to him, he would not feel at a disadvantage with her.) She would listen admiringly to his talk, share in his plans and not laugh at his ideas. (We do feel that his repressed young heart

warmed at the idea of human companionship with one of his own age. (Later, through all their many trials, this idea of companionship, although a strange one to the Hindu mind, never left him, and as we read of their life together we shall marvel not a little at the heights to which wisely devotion carried the gay little Kasturbai.)

When Mohandas was eighteen it was decided that he should go to England. No member of his caste had ever visited Europe, and if his father had been alive it is doubtful whether his prejudices could have been overcome. But Kaba Gandhi had died two years earlier, died as he had lived, a fine type of the old-fashioned, Hindu, strictly orthodox, opposing and resenting to the last any shadow of change in the order of things to which he had been born and bred.

However, he was no longer alive to grieve over the new 'order of things' that was already sweeping over India, which forty years later his son was to try and reverse. Mohandas, having matriculated in 1887 at Ahmedabad, was advised by a Brahman friend of the family to study law, and being offered good introductions in England it was arranged that if funds could be raised, the lad should go. He himself was delighted. To go to England, to escape from the monotony of life at the Samaldas, where for some reason he was making poor progress, the plan fell in with his dearest wishes. He was naturally of an enquiring disposition, interested in many things outside his daily routine, and although so quiet outwardly, like all young men he longed to see the world and clutched at the chance to increase his knowledge of it. But there was still his mother to reckon with. If his father had been

conservative she was ten times more so, and added to that quality a feminine dread of any of her children going far afield.

When the suggestion was made to her, she was thrown into a perfect panic of anxiety and perplexity, and tried to postpone any decision by saying, 'Your uncle is now the eldest of the family. He should be first consulted. If he consents we will consider the matter.'

What the young wife felt about it all we do not hear. It was never suggested that her wishes should be consulted. She and her baby had no part at all in these plans of husband and father. Whatever was arranged it was her duty to accept the decision of the family with agreeable docility.

At last, after many disappointments and delays, most of which were one by one overcome by the sensible and generous help of his elder brother, Mohandas gained permission from his family to make the momentous voyage. His mother still wavered and had the most painful doubts when she thought of the perils to which he would be exposed in a foreign land. In those days the ocean was known as the 'Black Water,' and a passage across it beset with dangers scarcely to be put into words.

Friends too had alarmed this gentle Hindu lady by telling her that when Indians went to Europe they would be forced to take both meat and wine because of the damp, cold climate of the winter.

'How about all this?' she said to her son, and he replied to her very frankly, 'Will you not trust me? I shall not lie to you. I swear that I will not touch these things.'

'I can trust you,' she continued, 'and yet, how can I trust you in a distant land? - I am dazed, and know not what to do. I will ask Becharji Swami.' Becharji Swami was the family adviser, a Jain monk. With kindly wisdom he soothed the mother's fears by making the son take three vows of sobriety, and chastity. Comforted, the mother gave her permission for the voyage to be taken. She sent him from her with a blessing. When he returned to India she was dead.

Although matters had been smoothed over with his family, young Mohandas was by no means over the difficulties in the way of his leaving India. On his arrival in Bombay, friends told the elder brother that owing to the violence of the monsoon in June and July, the passage should be delayed. So for several months Mohandas was kept hanging about in Bombay, a waste of both time and money which he bitterly resented. Also, members of his caste now rose up in opposition to the whole idea. No Modh Bania had ever been to England, then why should young Gandhi be allowed to go? The opinion was that if his father had been alive such an idea would never have been suggested. The Sheth took him severely to task, saying, 'In the opinion of the caste, your proposal to go to England is not proper. Our religion forbids voyages abroad,' and a good deal more in the same strain. (A hot battle of words ensued between Mohandas and the Sheth, the former displayed a force of character which had hardly been suspected, concealed as it was beneath such a docile exterior.) The Sheth stormed on reminding the obstinate boy that as a friend of his late father his opinion ought to be regarded and respected. But Mohandas stood

his ground, and the result was that he was outcasted. The terms of the decree were as follows:

'This boy shall be treated as an outcaste from to-day. Whoever helps him or goes to see him off at the dock shall be punishable with a fine of one rupee four annas.'

If the fine was commensurate with the sin, then the culprit cannot have felt too chastened. He did begin to fear, however, that all this bother with the caste, and the action of the Sheth might affect the views of his family and renew his mother's fears. It certainly caused a lot of trouble all round, but at last, by the kind offices of a friend, who lent him the passage money and helped him to select an outfit, he got off at last.

To a boy who has always worn a shirt and a dhoti, the first occasion he puts on European dress must seem a very strange one. Anyway Mohandas found it so. Some of the clothes he liked, others struck him as queer and rather immodest. However, he struggled into his new short jacket, tied for the first time a necktie, which at first he says he admired and afterwards came to hate, and with one scared look at himself in trousers, prepared to embark. With him he also took a sufficiency of provisions, mindful of his vows and the scruples of his mother.

As the ship left Bombay harbour, standing alone in his unaccustomed clothes, he must have thought with a pang of those he loved and was leaving behind, of the devout mother, the cheerful little wife and the new baby, who by the time he returned would have grown into quite a big boy. Fortunately a friend from Junagadh shared a cabin with him. This was a great comfort, for although Mohandas did not feel sea-sick, and indeed kept remarkably

well, everything was so strange that the old self-consciousness came back in full force.

His English was not equal to a conversation with any of the other passengers. The knives and forks in use at table puzzled him very much and the embarrassment of asking the amused steward at every meal which dishes were free from meat became so acute that he decided to have all his meals in the cabin. His friend had no such difficulties, mixing freely with everyone, and trying to persuade the bashful youth to do the same. It was of no use. Nothing could persuade him to make any friends. It is true that one day he had a pleasant talk with an Englishman, but just as they were getting on well, the latter gave out the opinion that the Hindu boy would not be able to abstain from meat when the weather got really cold. The Englishman spoke out of kindness, but Mohandas was alarmed. He felt that his precious promise to his mother would in some way suffer if he even listened to such opinions. All his shyness came back and he retired still further into his lonely self.

At last the long voyage came to an end, and at Southampton, Mohandas, wishing to honour the occasion, put on a white flannel suit, his very best. The season was well advanced into autumn and he found himself the only person wearing white clothes. However, leaving his luggage with an agent, which he was told was the correct thing to do, he proceeded with some of the passengers to London. Here knowing no better, he took a room in an expensive Hotel, where a friend, Dr. Mehta, called upon him, told him it was very costly to live in a hotel, and recommended him to try to get rooms in the house of a private family.

After many trials and tribulations, some not without their comic side, he found accommodation in the house of an elderly widow who lived in a quiet part of London. She was informed of her new guest's vow not to touch meat, and promised to see that he was not offered any dish containing it. Whether the old lady did not understand vegetarian dishes, or whether she considered that a person who did not eat meat, must not be offered anything else, the result was that if it had not been for the remainder of his own provisions, the young Indian would have gone very hungry indeed. This was only the beginning of his difficulties over his meatless diet. Nowadays vegetarianism is as well understood in London as in India, and many English people profess it. Forty years ago it was difficult to find an eating house where a meal entirely of vegetables would be served. ~//~

However, Mohandas held on his way and kept his vow intact, although at last it came to his living alone and doing his own cooking. It was during this time that he learned the lessons of self-help and reliance which were to be of such valuable service to him in graver times.

The story of his life in England is very interesting, the main facts of it being that after wasting a good deal of time in trying to model himself on English lines, taking lessons in dancing, in French and elocution, he saw the folly of it all, at least for him. At this period of his life, when in doubt about many things, he read for the first time the *Bhagavad Gita*. He was deeply impressed with it. In his childhood he had often listened with delight to the beautiful story of the *Ramayana*, portions of which his old nurse Rambha had taught him to say by heart. (His

ear, early attuned to the noble beauty of the Tulsidas epic, was now charmed by the Gita. The sincere and lofty teaching of the Divine poem awakened his dormant Hinduism. (Not for him the dancing, the French or the elocution, but self-knowledge, frugality and the life of a serious student.) He saw for the first time quite clearly why he was really in England at all, and why the family had made such sacrifices to send him there. Not to amuse himself very certainly, but to take his law degree and to return to India as a support and comfort to them.

* Just after his discovery of the Bhagavad Gita, he read also the Sermon on the Mount from the New Testament, and the words (But I say unto you, that resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, appealed to that something within him that later was to confuse his enemies far more than any form of retaliation could have done.)

He now set to work in real earnest, and appeared for the London Matriculation, but failed in Latin. This was a great blow to him, but his will was strengthening, and he plodded along, practising fresh economies so that he might not be too great a burden on the good patient brother in India. He now made some interesting friends, among them being the remarkable but very unconventional Narayan Hemchandra.

The two men met at the house of Miss Manning, of the National Indian Association, and the following conversation took place between them:—

Gandhi.—‘I have heard a good deal about you.

I have also read some of your writings. I should be very pleased if you would be kind enough to come and see me.’

Hemchandra.—‘Yes, and where do you stay?’
 Gandhi.—‘In Store Street.’

Hemchandra.—‘Then we are neighbours. I want to learn English. Will you teach me?’

Gandhi.—‘I shall be happy to teach you anything I can, and I will try my best.’

They made an appointment for the lesson, and though the teacher was not very well up in the difficulties of the grammar, they both enjoyed the meetings immensely. One day Hemchandra said to his friend,—‘I have never been to school like you have. I have never felt the need of grammar in expressing my thoughts. Well, do you know Bengali? I know it. I have travelled in Bengal. It is I who have given Maharshi Devendranath Tagore’s works to the Gujarati-speaking world. And I wish to translate into Gujarati the treasures of many other languages;’ and a great deal more all in the same high-flown strain about his plans to learn English, French and German, to go to America, the New World.

And when the astonished young student of law asked him how he would find the money for all those wide travels, Hemchandra replied, ‘What do I need money for? I am not a fashionable fellow like you.’ And indeed he was not, for he was the oddest-looking creature imaginable. He wore an old brown coat, no tie or collar, and a woollen cap with a tassel ^{hanging from} dangling from it. He also had a long beard, but in spite of his queer exterior, Narayan Hemchandra remained in the memory of those who met him as an honest kindly creature. Together the two Indians visited the great Cardinal Manning. Mohandas Gandhi put on a visiting suit, but Narayan Hemchandra stuck to his ancient coat and

fasseled cap, saying with a jolly laugh, 'You civilized fellows are all cowards. Great men never look at a person's exterior. They think of his heart.' These words, though said half in jest, were to be recalled seriously enough in years to come by him who heard them.

Hemchandra disappeared to Paris after a few months' stay in London and eventually went to America, where his unconventional attire got him into trouble. Mohandas also went to Paris and saw the great Exhibition of 1890. Among the wonders he saw there he recalls the grandeur and peace of the French cathedrals. Notre Dame especially impressed him and he remarks that the people who spent millions in building such 'divine cathedrals' could not but have the love of God in their hearts. Indeed the description of his visit to Paris makes the most pleasant reading. One realizes from it that even at that early age he possessed the most sensitive and reverent spirit and one that reacted very easily to noble suggestions. This is demonstrated in his appreciation of the writings of Ruskin, and later the teaching of Tolstoi. It is doubtful whether any other Indian has been more influenced by Western idealists than Gandhi, and yet remained so true to his Hindu teaching.

After the delight of the Paris trip, he returned to London to wrestle afresh with the intricacies of the law, and fell into a state of perplexed depression owing to the difficulty of acquiring any knowledge of Indian law. At this time the Grand Old Man of India, Dadabhai Naoroji, was in London, and had formed an Association for Indian students studying there. His addresses, to which Mohandas went and listened with wondering admiration, were always

attended by crowds of young men from India, and his influence over his audience was very strong. Mohandas had a letter of introduction to him, but hesitated to present it feeling that it would be trèspàssing upon a busy man's time. He was fortunate enough however to meet an Englishman called Mr. Frederick Pincutt. Amongst other things, this kindly adviser told him to read some Indian history, and also to study human nature. The young law student did his best to follow this advice, and by dint of hard study was at length able to pass his examinations on the 10th of June 1891; on the 11th he was enrolled a member of the High Court, and on the 12th sailed for home as Mr. M. K. Gandhi, Barrister-at-Law.

The news of his mother's death did much to damp the joy of his first homecoming, but the faithful brother was there at the docks to meet him. In Bombay, Dr. Mehta, who had been Mr. Gandhi's first visitor in London, invited the two brothers to stay with him and a warm friendship sprang up between the two families.

Great expectations had been founded in the Gandhi family upon the prospects of the budding lawyer and it was assumed that he would very soon build up a valuable practice and restore the family fortunes which had fallen rather low, owing possibly to the expense of the English visit. Difficulties also arose over caste. Mr. Gandhi had crossed the sea and been outcasted accordingly. He had kept his three vows, but that was not enough to restore him to the fold. Knowing the strong prejudices of his family, he was most careful not to offend their susceptibilities. He tells us that he would not even drink a glass of water at their houses.

The consideration he showed in these ways went a long way in re-establishing him in the estimation of the Modh Banias, who seeing his sincerity and humility, did everything they could to promote his welfare. In spite of this he was very quickly plunged into domestic difficulties. Fresh from England with perhaps an exaggerated idea of the value of some Western ideas, he attempted to force them upon his wife and children. He says with some sorrow that he only managed to make the former very unhappy, but at any rate he was quick to realize this and to make amends. Finding it impossible to make a professional start in Rajkot he took the advice of friends and went to Bombay with the intention of studying Indian law and at the same time endeavouring to pick up a few briefs. But it was not a success. The big city was very expensive, servants were hard to get, and briefs still more so. At last a case came. The fee was Rs. 30, but when Mr. Gandhi stood up to make his debut he could not say a word. It was no use, his head was swimming and he could not think of a single question to put to the witnesses. He felt rather than saw the smiles of those present. All he could do was to sit down and stammer out to the agent that he was unable to conduct the case. He suggested in a whisper that Mr. Patel should be asked to take his place. Then he fled from the Court, feeling that his legal career was over for ever, feeling too that the long training in England with its heavy expense to his relatives was utterly wasted.

How could anyone ever be expected to trust him with a case in future after the absurd exhibition he had made over his first one? But someone did—a poor Mussalman—whose land in Porbandar had

been ^{unsuccessfully} ~~confiscated~~. He came to Mr. Gandhi with a sorrowful tale, confident that a son of the late Diwan would do his best to right the wrong. This time the young lawyer had nothing to do but draft a memorial. He had nothing to say, and so all went well. The draft was approved of, but this sort of work was not going to build up a lucrative practice.

He next thought of teaching, but an attempt to get a job to teach English in a High School came to nothing, as he had not graduated. Having failed in Bombay, Mr. Gandhi returned once more to Rajkot and by the help of his brother managed to pick up a meagre living.

After some time at Rajkot, during which Mr. Gandhi suffered much from what he felt was an atmosphere of bribery and corruption, a chance came to him to cut right away from it all and start in a new country. It happened in this way. A Memon firm from Porbandar wrote to the elder Mr. Gandhi saying, 'We have a business in South Africa. Ours is a big firm and we have a big case there in Court, our claim being £40,000.' They then suggested that his brother should be sent out in the interests of the firm, pointing out the advantages that would accrue to a young lawyer from seeing a new part of the world.

After a great deal of discussion it was decided that Mr. Gandhi should accept the offer to go to South Africa. He was expected to stay a year, and to receive £105 as his retaining fee. ^{this fee for his first year's work}

Leaving his wife and two little children in Rajkot, he set off once more to Bombay, from where in April 1893 he sailed to Durban in Natal.

We are now to follow this remarkable man through the most extraordinary adventures it has

ever been the lot of any Hindu gentleman to experience. He landed in South Africa with every hope of spending a happy and useful year unclouded by any difficulty other than that of settling down in an entirely new country. His experiences in England had not however filled him with any doubt of his ability to do so. There he had been treated with courtesy and often with kindness. In South Africa matters were very different, for the 'colour bar' existed to the most intolerant extent, and when Mr. Gandhi arrived he was soon made to realize that position, training, and his credentials weighed as nothing compared to the fact that he was an Indian. The humiliations that he endured upon this account and the magnificent way he fought the battle of his countrymen to a successful conclusion is a story all by itself, and one which it would be hard to excel in the history of one man's achievement against overpowering odds.

How often must the words—'whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also' have come into Mr. Gandhi's mind during his years of trial, for in spite of the treatment he received, when the Boer War broke out he was among the first to volunteer his services. In the same way an epidemic of plague found him and his friends, English and Indian, risking their lives in the service of the stricken people. Through all the bitter obloquy of those South African years (he spent nearly twenty of the best years of his life there) Mr. Gandhi fought his way ever upwards towards an unshakable ideal of absolute selflessness. (In spite of imprisonment, insult, and every imaginable humiliation, he came through it all not only without bitterness, but with love and forgiveness in his heart

for those who persecuted him. An unpractical creed perhaps, but none the less admirable and beautiful.)

His wife and family were with him for most of the time, sharing his sorrows and his joys. Not the least of the latter was the life at Phoenix Park, where he formed a little colony in which all worked as brothers. Even the most menial task was performed by his children in the service of the community. In spite of her very real heroism during these years, his wife must have welcomed the time that saw them once again back in India. Her husband was now famous. As the champion of his countrymen in South Africa, he had won the esteem of all Indians and the gratitude of many. He could have been rich had he wished, but money was not his goal. That men such as the statesman-patriot Gokhale received him as a brother was a rich reward indeed. He was happier, prouder, than he had ever thought it possible to be, and spent a little time in visiting Benares, where he hoped to see Mrs. Besant, to whom he wished to pay his respects.

A little later he was once more in Bombay, trying, as before, with the help of friends to build up a practice in law. This time it looked as if success might reward his perseverance and honesty, but other things were in store. Mr. Gokhale, whose eyes were always upon him, had made his own plans to use this willing eager disciple.

Just when it looked to him as if life was going to run on ordinary lines for him, he received a cable from South Africa saying, 'Chamberlain expected here. Please return immediately.' This cable was the result of a promise made by Mr. Gandhi when leaving South Africa. He had then agreed that if

he should ever be urgently needed to advise, or serve in any way, the Indian community, he would return at once. The call had come, and he was ready. Regardless of his own personal convenience, or the upsetting of his professional and family life in Bombay, he set off immediately for Durban. He did not take his wife and children with him as he expected to be absent for only a year. Instead, he was accompanied by several Indian youths, whom it was his intention to settle in South Africa. He arrived in Durban only just in time to draft the memorial which the Indian community wished to submit to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was received coldly; bigger questions occupied South Africa at that time, but not anything so important to the Indian settlers. They were bitterly disappointed. They had set high hopes upon Mr. Chamberlain's visit. He admitted that their grievances were genuine, but advised them to work agreeably with the Europeans. Mr. Gandhi shared the disappointment, but it did not deter him from pressing the rights of the Indians in South Africa. Once again he was subjected to every kind of annoyance almost amounting to persecution but he refused to be driven out of the Transvaal until he had fully vindicated the rights of his fellow-countrymen.

This he achieved only a few months before the outbreak of the Great War, and it is typical of this man's nature that as soon as he could possibly get to England he was there, organizing an Indian Volunteer Corps. His experience in the Boer War had taught him a great deal about ambulance work, and the ready spirit of co-operation he displayed was valuable as an example to the Indian students who

had for the first time in their lives to come under military discipline. (We may admire Mr. Gandhi especially for sinking all memories of personal grievances in the desire to prove his loyalty to the British Empire in her hour of need.)

But his health, undermined by incessant toil and self-inflicted privations, which were part of his doctrine in his pursuit of Ahimsa, now broke down, and as he would not take the nourishing food that the doctors recommended him, he was unable to regain sufficient strength to accompany the Indian Volunteer Corps to Netley. Suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy, he was for the most part confined to bed, chafing at his enforced inactivity when everyone was required in some way to help in the War. But it was of no use. He got worse and suffered intense pain. At last his friends persuaded him to return to India. Winter was approaching, and with his complaint the damp cold would be really dangerous. He was told that when sufficiently recovered, and if the need still existed, he could once more volunteer for war-service.

And so he went home, encased in a plaster jacket. His doctor ordered him to wear it until the Red Sea was reached, but the pain and discomfort of it were so great that after two days he was obliged to get it off somehow. The voyage was an unhappy one; everyone was anxious and constrained, and Mr. Gandhi was thankful to reach Bombay. Here he was received with honour by the man whom he loved and revered above all others—Gokhale.

This in itself was enough to wipe out all memory of slight disappointments and doubts. His heart seemed to fill up with joy and peace. Gokhale the wise far-seeing statesman, his mind calm and

resigned, though death had already marked him for her own, had risked what little strength was left him to welcome the exile home. His friend had no further thought than to dedicate the rest of his life to the work which Gokhale and the members of the Servants of India Society were carrying forward. But from the first it was evident that his ideals and theirs were in reality widely different. However, the Society treated him with warm affection, and through the medium of Gokhale enabled him to realize his dearest wish, namely, to establish an 'Ashram' where he could settle down with his real and adopted family that had made up part of the colony in South Africa. All was arranged, and he now prepared to go to Sabarmati, where in a short time he had established a regime very similar to the one over which he had presided at Phoenix Park. As before, the cooking, gardening, cleaning and all domestic tasks were undertaken by the teachers and students. At first the latter flagged under the hard routine, but in time their strength became equal to anything that they were expected to do. There is a little story of how on one occasion when a batch of voluntary enthusiasts cleaning the large cooking utensils, got a little weary of the task, they were cheered up by a group of their comrades who played to them on their sitar!

The outdoor tasks and homely occupations were certainly good for the young men of the Ashram, but later it was felt that they interfered with their literary education. Mr. Gandhi has always been very frank in admitting the drawbacks, as well as claiming the advantages, of any system he has organized, and we are told of the failures as well as the successes of his propaganda.

When all seemed running smoothly at the new Ashram, the man to whom it owed its endowment died. Nothing could have brought greater grief or greater consternation into that industrious cheerful community than the telegram announcing that the great Gokhale was dead. A special meeting was called in the Ashram temple to mourn what was truly a national loss. The same day Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi left for Poona. It was then that Mr. Andrews, an English member of the Ashram, and a close friend of Mr. Gandhi, said to him in parting, 'Do you think that a time will come for Satyagraha in India? And if so, have you any idea when it will come?'

'It is difficult to say,' replied Mr. Gandhi, 'For one year I am to do nothing. For Gokhale took from me a promise that I should travel in India to gain experience, and to express no opinion on public questions until I have finished the period of probation. . . .'

To a man of Mr. Gandhi's ardent and reforming temperament, the year of enforced silence was no small tribute to the memory of his friend. Almost every day he was seeing things that he burned to remedy, injustice, real or fancied, touched him to the quick. The sorrows of the poor, their failure to gain redress of their small grievances, their helplessness and their squalor were added to his burden of responsibility towards humanity. The death of Gokhale had been to him more especially a blow, for he had looked upon that wise and balanced reformer as a pilot in the 'stormy sea of Indian public life.' (Under his guidance Mr. Gandhi had felt sure that he would have been able to use reasonably and wisely his own gifts of enthusiasm

and determination.) With Gokhale gone he felt rather like a buoyant ship without a rudder; he was thrown upon his own resources and realized his deep responsibility.) With a desire to honour the memory of Gokhale, or as he puts it himself, 'to please the spirit of Gokhale,' he sought admission to the Servants of India Society. But the members were divided about his election. They feared that Mr. Gandhi's independence of outlook might imperil the very objects for which the Society was founded. The result was that after considerable mental distress Mr. Gandhi himself withdrew his application for membership. This was also to please Gokhale's spirit. In his very renunciation, surely Mr. Gandhi enrolled himself among the servants of India!

He was not really either a firebrand or a revolutionary, but a man who loved peace; this action of his seemed to prove it. He did not retire from his projected membership as a gesture of defiance but as one of respect for other men's ideals. It is true that he was driven on by what he felt he had to do; although he could not embrace a moderate policy in a world that seemed to him to be hideous with injustice, he could respect it, and at times wish that he too could have been as those who can work patiently with conditions as they are.

At the close of the War he was identified with the demand for Swaraj, but he hesitated to take full leadership of the movement. It was as if he felt the hand of Gokhale holding him back until tragic events, such as the Amritsar affair, decided him upon a crusade of non-co-operation, based upon his cardinal idea of non-violence.

He ceased to hope for any result from political action, and started upon his teaching of the gospel

of salvation by the return to the spinning wheel and the wearing of khadi.

The idea in its broad simplicity appealed to the uneducated millions of Indian peasants. They were weary of the constant fight in an increasingly competitive world. To sit and spin and chatter round the household fires seemed like the promise of a perpetual holiday. Nothing to think about, just the hum of the wheel and the women's voices as they turned it. How could they in their simplicity know of the economic demands of a progressive and ambitious India? (If there were millions who were content to adopt the gospel of the spinning wheel, there were also millions who had learned to appreciate the advantages of the railway, the motor car and the safe protection afforded by the British Government.)

And so the demands of civilization won. Though they were not unquestionably the noblest they were the sanest. (The fight was bitter and prolonged, and it raged round one of the gentlest and kindest hearts that ever beat for India.) It brought him so near death's door, that a little more and he would have passed through. (It is consoling to remember, when reviewing those years of political strife and misunderstanding, that upon both sides there was a respect for the ideals involved.)

If Mohandas Karanichand Gandhi, the Mahatma of the Indian multitude, saluted the British Empire with his left hand it was because his right was pledged to India.